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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 265
A CHICKEN IN THE POT 267
RESISTANCE IN POLAND 267
MASSALIA. By Peter de Mendelssohn . . 268
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 269
THIS ENGLAND 270
THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE COLONIES . . 270
BREATH OF LIFE. By Y.Y. 271
BERMUDA. By Sagittarius . . . . . Page 271
CONGREVE AT THE PHOENIX. By Desmond MacCarthy 272
TROOPSHIP IN THE TROPICS. By Alun Lewis . 272
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 272
CORRESPONDENCE 272
From Catherine Carswell; F. L. Josephy; Edgar Granville, M.P.; Brig. General W. A. S. Turner; S. K. Ratcliffe; Catherine Andrássey.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett Page 275
REVIEWS:
John Donne. By Peter Quennell. . . 276
Hitler in Pyjamas. By Georg Troeltsch . 276
More Lieven Letters. By Ralph Partridge. 277
Wanted: A Thesis. By Kenneth Bell . 277
The Disinherited. By Freda White . . 278
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 279

A NAZI MANOEUVRE

THE soaked earth along the Russian front is drying rapidly in this early and genial spring. How soon will its quagmires bear a tank again? While Nature dictates the time-table of the Eastern campaign, in the West the will and the skill of Alexander and Rommel are even now deciding how many months will elapse before Europe can be invaded. The American and British Air Forces are dominant in the Mediterranean, and the R.A.F. is carrying out a series of raids on Germany which reach the dimensions that the world imagined all raids would achieve at the beginning of the war three and a half years ago. Such is the background to the bid for a compromise peace which the Axis has made during the past week. The fears of the two Dictators and their Staffs are plainly legible in all that is said and done. What preoccupies them is the certainty that sooner or later they will have to wage a defensive war on two fronts. They must realise that if the United Nations strike together in harmony at an early date the Axis is doomed to a prompt defeat. They aim therefore at delaying any concerted offensives. This they are trying to do first by advertising their own defensive preparations, and secondly by promoting distrust among the Allies. They tell us how formidable the Atlantic Wall now is, a veritable Maginot Line which is said to protect all the Western shores. Next they throw an apple of discord between the Russians and the Poles in the shape of a story of massacre which they have kept in reserve for nearly two years. How these Polish officers died and how many died we are not likely to learn; all three Powers see the incident as a vehicle of propaganda and a Red Cross inquiry, such as the Poles suggest, would be meaningless since it would be carried out under Nazi auspices. But the precise timing of this essay in the art of kindling enmity is significant of the Nazi hope that propaganda designed to divide disunited Allies may achieve victory that eludes the German General Staff. Finally, they launch proposals for peace in a form designed to appeal to the more conservative strata of opinion among the Anglo-Saxon peoples. It is unlikely that they expected to make any impression on Downing Street and the White House, but the careful arrangement of the details suggests that they do hope to interest Conservatives and Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic. Their leading idea is familiar: they are fighting for capitalist (or is it European?) civilisation against the Bolshevik peril. But there are some novelties in the working out of this trite conception which betray the depth of their anxiety. The Führer's brow, as Dr. Goebbels tells us, is furrowed with deep suffering. He is, it seems, still so apathetic and dejected that his keepers could not trust him to make his customary birthday speech.

The offer came in a public tender of Spanish mediation by General Jordana, and it is noteworthy that he claimed the support of the Holy See. The suggestions which came from the Swiss radio are presumably authentic. The notion that we are to throw over the Soviet Union and even to give some financial aid to the Nazis while they smash the U.S.S.R. is as crude as it is simple. But other terms, as reported, show some ingenuity. The occupied countries in the West would be evacuated at once. When Russia is finally crushed, plebiscites under international control would be held to decide the future of the Czechs, Poles and Greeks. In Germany some sort of constitution wou'd be adopted, with Hitler as a more or less decorative President, while von Papen and Schacht share the reality of power. This is, needless to say, a sham essay in repentance, but it shows a certain facile skill. Once upon a time Schacht was trusted by the City and Wall Street, while von Papen had his admirers among Catholics. There may be persons so steeped in the ideology of the class war that they would ignore the real meaning of this elegant solution. It might leave the map of Europe much as it was in 1939, but it would confirm the military supremacy of the Reich over the entire Continent. Whether Hitler in person retained his former position is a trifle of no importance: the victorious Nazi Party with its Junker allies and heavy industry would ensure an eternity of tyranny.

There is nothing here to discuss. This is not a war to perpetuate Nazi rule; it remains the same evil thing whether it pretends to be socialism as often in the past, or claims to protect the bourgeois, as it does to-day. Britain and America are pledged to co-operate in peace as in war; the alliance of the mass of British and American people with the Soviet Union is as firm as their resolve to destroy every vestige of Nazi power. The record of treachery which makes nonsense of all talk of negotiating with Hitler is shared by all who have served with him in the Nazi hierarchy. The Nazi idea rejects faith and collaboration among the nations. But while this should be plainly stated in any answer that may come from our camp, we ought not to be content with a bare negation. The first effect of our rejection of this offer will be to confirm the belief of Germans that they are fighting, as Goebbels puts it, not for any insignificant question of frontiers but for "national life itself." They expect the dissection of the Reich into innumerable fragments; they are prepared for the destruction not merely of their military power but of their national identity and their cultural liberty, and they see a vision of a territory so narrow that their crowded millions would perish on its congested acres. Our leaders have waited too long to dissipate these clouds. It has, indeed, been plainly said that we intend no economic injury to the German people. That is not enough: man does not live by bread alone. Call it pride, or vainglory or racial arrogance, this German nation has slaved and fought through ten arduous years for an end that was not narrowly material. We have still to assure Germans as they become disillusioned that after the overthrow of their gangster leaders they may hope for a life compatible with self-respect. We have still to show Europe, including Germans who show that they can become Europeans, that in the Europe we plan there is scope for every constructive ambition irrespective of the racial divisions that Hitler has glorified. It is not enough to tell Europe that we can have no truck with Hitler and that the price of peace is the end of Nazidom. The danger of a break in relations between the U.S.S.R. and the Polish Government is real and though this exiled government has comparatively little importance in the strength of its fighting forces, the Poles, who are an important element in the American melting pot, may have a seriously disruptive effect. Everything possible should be done by the British and American governments to straighten out this tangle with Moscow. Our reply to Hitler will only carry weight if the United Nations answer with a single voice.

Stalemate in Burma

Within a few weeks the monsoon will bring down a curtain of rain on the *finis* of one of Britain's least intelligible adventures in the Far East. Last December British and Indian troops advanced down the Mayu Peninsula towards Akyab on the Arakan coast. Overcoming formidable supply difficulties in this tangled and malarial jungle, they succeeded in driving in the Japanese outposts; but they failed to reach Akyab. Reinforced, and adopting the familiar tactics of infiltration against their enemy's flank, the Japanese counter-attacked in March and have compelled us to retire nearly to our starting point. The forces employed cannot have been large, and there is no reason to suppose that severe losses have been incurred. From a military standpoint no great damage has been done by the expedition's failure. But what was its objective? There is no possible entry into Burma from Akyab across the Arakan mountains, nor is Akyab a port of value. It looks as though an effort had been made to demonstrate to Chungking that the United Nations do not intend to remain wholly passive in relation to the Burma Road. If so, it is hard to believe that Chiang Kei-Shek can have been impressed by this abortive demonstration of "penny packet" warfare in a jungle dead-end. The Japanese are reported to be consolidating their hold on Burma by improving their direct communications from Thailand—an obvious answer to the attacks by the U.S. Air Force on Rangoon.

Democracy and the Jews

Meeting in Bermuda to consider what can be done for Hitler's victims, the delegates of the British and American governments are free from the clamour of public opinion and more especially of Jewish opinion. The opening speeches suggest that their agenda includes little in the nature of prompt action to meet a present emergency. It is true, as Mr. Richard Law said, that victory offers the only final guarantee of safety, but when it dawns, how many of this doomed race will be left alive? The intention seems to be that after Britain and America have reached agreements, they will then consult the rest of the United Nations. This further delay is wholly unnecessary. Two simple measures, the provision of visas for refugees who can reach a neutral country and the opening of Palestine, depend solely on our own Home and Colonial Offices. Much was said about the shelter already enjoyed by fugitives in this country and the United States. The outstanding fact is rather that neither country has received more than a negligible trickle of refugees since the outbreak of the war. One reason advanced for the reluctance of governments to encourage the entry of more refugees is that anti-Semitism is already increasing. The reply to this can only be that anti-Semitism is a social disease that needs bold doctoring. The Archbishop of Canterbury made a valuable contribution when he reminded the world that anti-Semitism is a direct contradiction of the spirit and meaning of Christianity. The Church may do much towards stemming this nasty tide by recalling that our society rests on the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. The National Council for Civil Liberties, which held a conference on this subject last week-end, decided to press for new legislation to make a dissemination of Fascist and racial propaganda a criminal offence. Whether such new legislation is really needed is a matter that requires very careful inquiry. In any case we are convinced that it is useful to bring out into the public mind what anti-Semitism is, its use by Fascism, and to counter it by deliberate and authoritative statement.

American Man-power Problems

America is now really in the throes of its man-power problem. The call-up has been as indiscriminate as ours was in 1914 and 1915—and was not in 1939, for that was one lesson from the last war that we did learn. What the Americans have done is practically to ignore, in calling men up for the armed forces, their usefulness or even their indispensability to industry, and to go for the "single men first," as we did when we introduced conscription in the last war. The result, naturally, is chaos; and the result is made worse because the Americans have not yet got to the length of "directing" labour to go where it is needed—obviously a much more complicated problem in a country the size of the United States and governed by a federal constitution than it is here. Even here there was resistance to directing Scots to go and work outside Scotland, and much dislike of the whole policy of moving people about at the State's orders when it was first introduced. It was largely due to Mr. Bevin's position in the Labour movement that the system was brought into operation without serious trouble; and this, too, is more difficult in the United States, with the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. looking sidelong at each other and the followers of Mr. John L. Lewis glaring at them both, and with a state of industrial relations over most of the country immensely worse than anything we have experience of in this country. In the long run, the problem of "directing" labour will have to be faced, in spite of the difficulties, and the army authorities will have to be induced to change their methods. In the meantime, output will be a good deal smaller than it could be, though it will be pretty big for all that. The real squeeze will come as it becomes necessary to exert drastic pressure in order to control production in the non-essential trades.

Control or Corporativism?

The Cotton Industry Conference wishes, so it has informed Mr. Dalton, to convert the Cotton Control Board from a body appointed by the President of the Board of Trade and working under an impartial chairman—at present Sir Raymond Street—into a body nominated by the various sections of the industry under a chairman of its own choosing. In other words, it wants to substitute Corporativism for public control. There is also a quarrel about the methods by which the Board's operations are to be financed; but the main issue is between those who believe that the State ought to control high industrial policy and those who argue that the State ought to vest compulsory powers in the hands of the capitalist interests. This quarrel has come into the open in this particular instance; but it is going on underground everywhere and all the time. Everyone agrees that there will have to be a large measure of "State control" over industry for a considerable time after the war: the industrialists are busy manœuvring in order to ensure that this "State control" shall be in effect their own control, with the State acting as policeman at their behest. There is much to be said for such a body as the Cotton Board, as long as it acts under public orders and includes a sufficient element of disinterested representation (including the chairman) to give it a really public character. There is nothing at all to be said for arming monopoly with compulsory powers enforceable by law, even if a few labour representatives are added to the employers and merchants in order to give the affair an appearance of beautiful impartiality. Monopoly is dangerous enough in itself; it becomes doubly so when it is allowed to act in the name of the State and thus to masquerade as representing the interest of the consuming public.

Coal

The Mineworkers' Federation has apparently at last become converted to the view that the coal output bonus ought to be reckoned pit by pit, and not surveyed over large areas, as it has been since its institution last year. It is common knowledge that the Greene Committee originally proposed that the bonus should be on a pit basis, only to find the miners, as well as the owners, against it. The majority by which the Miners' Executive fell in with the owners' views on this matter is said to have been narrow; and apparently it has now become a minority. What is certain is that in hardly any of the coalfields—in none of the big ones—has the bonus, on its present basis—had even the smallest effect on output. The averaging over pits employing tens of thousands of miners is bound to destroy all the incentive which a pit bonus might produce. The owners dislike a pit bonus because they are afraid of it upsetting existing wage-standards—which is presumably just what, as a bonus on output, it was meant to do, by providing additional pay for additional effort. By this time the failure of the district bonus system has been made so clear that even the coalowners will find difficulty in adducing any arguments in its defence. Recent figures of output have been notably bad; and, while it is most unlikely that any change in the methods of remuneration will have large effects, anything that offers the prospect even of a small improvement ought to be tried. So ought every possible effort to be made to remove causes of friction, such as exist in Northumberland over the owners' attitude in respect of wartime wage negotiations. This attitude has led the Northumberland Miners' Association to refuse to accept the new Coal Agreement for post-war bargaining, although they have no objection to its terms. The coal industry, with its depleted labour force, is having a hard struggle; it has no energy to waste in bickering, and the Ministry of Fuel and Power ought to take a firm line in clearing the obstacles to smooth working out of the way.

The Lords Show their Medals (*by a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

Few excitements have arisen this week in the Commons; the debate on the Budget and the concluding stages of the Catering Bill did no more than drag along. Further pressure has been put upon the Prime Minister to extend conscription to Northern Ireland. In stating that it was illogical to conscript Americans and bring them over to defend Tyrone, when the lads on the spot were not conscripted to defend their own homes, Churchill showed where his sympathies lay. With the U.S.A. in the war there may indeed be a new inclination on the Government's part to arouse this hornets' nest. But there is a good deal of feeling still in the House that the small number of conscripts secured would not be worth the risk.

The standard of debates in the Lords has steadily risen since the beginning of the war. As in the last war, the Lords benefit by their comparative freedom from Government business; they discuss with some frankness problems for which time cannot be found for debate in the Commons. The mass of backwoodsmen remain as dim as ever and credit for the change rests upon a small number of independent-minded peers, among whom the Labour group under Addison's leadership play a prominent part. Colonial questions have frequently been raised by Faringdon and Listowel in recent months. Here the Lords have the advantage of including some of the most experienced of former colonial administrators in their ranks, whereas M.P.s know that their constituents are only with difficulty interested in the demand of Jamaica for a constitution, or of Cyprus for union with Greece. Cecil and Davies have recently urged the need for plans to be worked out now for creating a post-war international authority. So popular was this debate that it had to be extended to a second sitting day. The whole field of Reconstruction is gradually being covered; both the country and the Government would do well to note some of the useful suggestions made on questions as diverse as Agriculture, Civil Aviation, the Beveridge Repor and Demobilisation. During the war the Hous of Lords acts as a second chamber of the sor that radical reformers have recommended.

A CHICKEN IN THE POT

THE nutrition conference summoned for next month at Hot Springs by President Roosevelt marks an important stage in United Nations evolution. Governor Lehman's visit to Britain is no doubt intended to knot together several threads of inter-Allied plans for reconstruction, some of which have reached a fairly advanced point as between the various governments in this country, but which lack, as yet, co-ordination with the United States and the Soviet Union. The concentration upon food of this first attempt at really concerted planning may be taken as inevitable, for the semi-starvation of Europe, and outright famine in some Western countries and in huge areas of China, make the feeding of the peoples the most urgent necessity of civil policy and among the most urgent of military problems. It may also be taken, without cynicism, as one more example of the political flair of the President. Nutrition is one f the few questions upon which a measure of greement is certain; all Governments want their people to be fed now and after the war. Unfortun-tely this conference appears to have been inadequately prepared and is unlikely to get beyond a preliminary survey of the problem. If it ever gets down to detailed work, scientific experts on nutrition, who are largely in agreement, and agricultural experts, who may have widely divergent views, will have to concert a scheme for United Nations' policy.

The feeding of the people, of course, has always been the primary problem of economic statesman-hip. No Government has yet bettered Henri IV's logan: "For every family a chicken in the pot." That ideal remains unattained to this day, in spite f all that science has now to say about the quan-ity and the quality of food needed for health, nd in spite of the infinitely improved technique f its production. Leaving war conditions aside, here was no nation on earth which was in its ntirety properly fed before the war. The nearest o the nutritional standards demanded by the cientists were some small nations—New ealanders, Australians, Dutch, and Danes. The ritish and the Americans did not approach it. ree milk in schools, according to Sir John Orr, ulled our percentage of underfed and ill-fed eople down from 50 per cent. to 30 per cent. n the immediate pre-war years. A 1941 confer-nce in Washington revealed, to the consternation Americans, that the richest nation in the world as no better fed. A third of the American eople suffer from disabilities due to malnutri-on; the worst conditions existed in the States outh of the Mason-Dixon line. The picture is, course, far worse still in the poorer countries. The Central European peoples are mainly agri-ultural, and none of them has enough to eat. ritish pre-war consumption of sugar, for in-ance, was 110 lb. per head annually. In Czecho-ovakia, a great sugar-exporting country, it was lb.; in Poland, 23; in Bulgaria, 10. New ealand consumed 236 lb. of meat; Australia, 2; Britain, 140; Germany, 110; Poland, 38; goslavia, 32; Bulgaria, 28. Within these untries the urban workers ate much better than e farmers. In Czechoslovakia the rural south 40 per cent. per head, and the pastoral east per cent. of the meat consumption of the in-strial districts. If the whole food production the region had been devoted to its own popula-ns they would not have been overfed. But the onomic structure of Europe demanded the port of the food and the hunger of the people. ntral Europe lives at a standard far above that Asia, Africa, or Latin America. China and dia are the most important areas of hunger. e have coined a number of catch-words to cover se conditions: "The Chinese can live on a ndful of rice"; "The Negro can work on a ion of mealie-meal." They are not true. The nty quantity and the vitamin deficiency of se diets mean listlessness, short life, high infant ortality, if no more, and the food shortage of poor nations goes with tuberculosis, lack of durance, small stature. The average dietetic needs of man vary somewhat from climate to climate; from race to race, not at all.

It is probable that the progress of nutritional science will be in the nature of refinement. For instance, there is the story of the sheep in an Australian region who suffered from a malady of malnutrition. They recovered when fed on an iron tonic. The tonic was then administered in a purer form, and they fell sick again. The original tonic, analysed, showed small traces of the mineral cobalt; this was what had been missing from their pasture. There will be discoveries like this, but in the main the nutritionists have quite enough knowledge to go upon, and that—if the world turns towards sanity—is one of the most fortunate factors in our situation.

Fortunate, if we are well guided in our reconstruction policy, and base it upon the primitive need for food. If we do, we shall put the scientists in charge, and it is quite certain that they will give us a policy something like this. They will say: "Humanity needs twice as much food, and far better food, and the economic policy of the world must be directed to seeing that it gets it. This means, first, a greatly increased and carefully planned agriculture, in which the industrial countries concentrate upon the 'protective' and the perishable foodstuffs, vegetables, fruit, dairy and poultry products, and the extensive food-producing countries upon the keeping foods like grain and sugar, while all organise the means to have a properly varied diet. The farmers will have to be well enough rewarded to make it worth their while, and in many peasant nations much of the population will have to be industrialised in order to produce the additional wealth needed to pay for the added food." The economic consequences of such a policy would be incalculably great. It is the way out from the vicious circle of bankrupt agriculture, under-paid workpeople, and under-fed nations.

There is one other advantage in taking this first thing first in our post-war planning. The people understand it. Every man knows good food when he eats it—at least, at the second time, like the olive. Every woman is willing to learn what food suits her children; nor, once she has seen them grow big and healthy, will she ever consent again to feeding them badly. The great psychological difficulty about the reform of the world is that many of its processes are beyond the ken of the common folk, and what the folk do not know can only be put into practice by dictation of one sort or another. But the feeding of the people must be the people's revolution.

RESISTANCE IN POLAND

IF courage, at times fanatical courage, were a guarantee of a nation's freedom and independence, our Polish allies need have no fears for their future. After a month of Nazi blitzkrieg and the life-and-death struggle in Warsaw came the steady brutality of Fascist "peace." Many thousands of men eager to continue fighting left the country. The pre-war Polish Government left, and many others, mainly those who had sufficient money. But Poland is predominantly a land of peasants and workers. They remained to carry on the struggle; they and their associates have earned the right to the chief voice in deciding Poland's future.

Guerilla warfare began in the woods of Poland immediately the Germans occupied the country. For months these bands of men—most of them former Polish soldiers—attacked Nazi outposts and forced the German High Command to keep a large army of occupation in the country. Guerilla warfare has continued ever since, increasing at certain moments, as at the beginning of Germany's war against the Soviet Union. Recently this guerilla warfare developed into small battles which lasted in one case (near Krasnobrod, in the centre of Poland) for ten days. The Germans were busy deporting people and seizing peasants for forced labour in the Reich. Poles gathered in the forest and formed partisan bands. Underground workers joined them. The Germans were reinforced by S.S. and S.A. men; two thousand of them, with the aid of aeroplanes, tanks and machine guns, overwhelmed the guerillas. But the leaders were not discovered. Reprisals followed in surrounding villages which were burned down and the sites ploughed up after the entire population had been wiped out by the Nazis.

Every Pole can guess the punishment he will receive if his resistance is discovered. But sabotage continues. In 1940 it took the form of upsetting railway traffic between Germany and Russia. By September, 1941, bridges were frequently blown up, goods trains were fired, and during 1942 the railway workers were among the bravest of saboteurs. Last summer, after the mining of a railway bridge, 150 Poles were executed and their bodies left hanging on telegraph poles along the railway line. In November, fifty-five hostages were executed after rails had been blown up.

The peasants have their own forms of sabotage in the villages. They withhold and burn their crops, they destroy their homes and farms rather than let them fall into German hands. The Nazi press, published in Polish, is full of such comments as: "Ten peasants' farms burnt down"; "seven peasants' farms with livestock and grain have been burnt out"; and "a fire broke out at night in the village of . . . as the result of which twenty-two barns with all this year's harvest were burnt down, and nine cows, two horses, and ten pigs perished."

Peasant and guerilla fighter, student and intellectual alike, are part of Poland's second army—the army which fights at home. Over 100,000 Poles are under arms in Britain and the Middle East; pilots play an important part in the Air Force, the Navy and Merchant Marine with the Royal Navy. The underground movement in Poland shows every sign of a centralisation of authority and of planned activities throughout the country. The underground press has provided an effective means of encouraging resistance. At least 125 such papers are published regularly; they give news of the home situation; they report the progress of Soviet resistance, of the Allied Forces in the Middle East, and of the anti-Fascist struggle in other occupied countries; they give instructions on the correct attitude to adopt towards the German invaders. News also reaches our allies in Poland on several secret and anti-Fascist broadcasting stations which give items picked up from foreign broadcasts—from London, Moscow and America.

The underground press reflects the policy of various sections of the resistance movement. Whilst there are a few reactionary papers, rabidly nationalistic, Fascist in ideology, anti-Semitic and anti-Soviet, the general tendency of the secret press shows a determination to build up a democratic Poland. This has been demonstrated in a number of manifestos issued from time to time; one such document is the programme of the Polish Socialist Party and the Peasants' Party drawn up in Poland and subsequently submitted to the Polish National Council—the exiled Government in this country. The nature of their new rising and the structure of Poland's first executive body, the first Government of a renascent Poland, are discussed and the first decrees of such a Government are outlined. The underground "representatives of the workers, peasants and non-manual workers" who drew it up recognised its difficulties. The working people, it points out, "must overcome the resistance of any privileged classes or groups from the former Poland who desire to preserve their privileges. The democratic concentration will therefore plan the preparation of an armed rising against the occupying Power and for a decisive fight against any reactionary elements within the nation."

The resistance movement is thus widely awake to the problems of resistance to the enemy within and without. What does this involve? First and most urgent is the part they are playing in defeating the Nazi army of occupation. Here the ruthless determination of the Nazis must be realised. They regard the subjugation of Polish lands as "the basis of operations for the trial of strength with Bolshevism." Their racial hatred is deep and traditional, and everything has been calculated to boost Germany as the carrier of civilisation to the "sub-human" Pole.

On the economic side the Nazis regard the "incorporated areas" (into which occupied Poland is divided) as an integral part of Reich economy; they exploit the resources, set up war factories, settle in thousands of German workers, as well as those from other occupied countries. The far-reaching schemes of the Nazis were indicated in a series of articles in the *Krakauer Zeitung* last Easter, when Councillor Wiens, of Berlin, outlined a special trunk railway line from the Rhineland via Berlin and Silesia to the Caucasus as one of the vital needs for the realisation of German plans in Europe. Many articles could be quoted showing that the Nazi rulers consider Poland merely as an enlarged German space. So far the underground movement has no illusions as to its problems, and it is to the eternal credit of the Polish people that the Nazis have never been able to find Poles who were prepared to set up a Quisling Government.

Geography gives Poland two neighbours, and the Poles have unhappy memories of both. Since, like Soviet citizens, they are fighting for life against the Nazis, it would seem natural to those unacquainted with the historic feuds and complexities of Europe for the underground fighters and guerillas of Poland to be in complete amity with their Russian comrades. It would be pleasant to be able to report that only the landed and monied class were afraid of the U.S.S.R. Some believe that this might have been the case in spite of age-long disputes between the two countries had the Soviet Union shown more appreciation of Polish national feeling in 1939. The more intelligent Poles could understand that Russia might be justified in occupying East Poland without fighting the Germans, and that there might be a reason of security for replacing dubious political elements on the frontier by those who would faithfully carry out instructions from Moscow. But, whatever the excuses or reasons, the fact is that the policy of wholesale deportation outraged Polish nationalism, and the damage was only partially repaired when, in 1941, after the German attack on Russia, General Sikorski visited Moscow and signed the Soviet-Polish agreement by which the U.S.S.R. recognised that the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 "as to territorial changes in Poland" had now "lost their validity." Many thousands of Poles in Russia were released from prisons and labour camps, and a Polish army was formed on Russian soil. If the agreement had been less the product of the moment's embarrassments and more a real sign of friendship, a Polish army might have now been fighting, as a Czech unit fights, side by side with the Red Army.

No such conditions of confidence have been achieved between the U.S.S.R. and Poland. In February, 1942, the Polish Government issued a statement repudiating most definitely the charges made by Soviet propagandists accusing Poland "of direct or indirect inimical tendencies towards Soviet Russia." As far as General Sikorski is concerned, this is a true statement of affairs. But General Sikorski is surrounded by high officials some of whom make no pretence of their anti-Soviet feelings, whilst other Poles have published, without any known interference either from their own Government or from our own Foreign Office, periodicals which are bitterly hostile to the Soviet Union. Meanwhile, the Russians have seen fit to retaliate, and have even set up an organisation and newspaper to proclaim a "Free Poland" within Moscow. The situation has now become far more serious as the result of General Sikorski's request for a Red Cross inquiry into the German "discoveries" of the bodies of Polish officers said to have been murdered near Smolensk in 1940.

This feud between the Russian and Polish Governments must have its repercussions on the resistance movement inside Poland. We notice with pleasure that only a few weeks ago, on the night of March 16th, a joint committee of underground organisations issued a proclamation giving detailed instructions for assistance to deserters from Italian, Slovak and Hungarian units sent by the Germans to Russia. This proclamation was secretly put up on the walls of Warsaw and other large Polish towns; reports declare that as often as it was torn down by the Gestapo it reappeared on the walls. Such signs of unity within Poland are encouraging; in the long run the sentiments of workers and peasants fighting within Poland are likely to be more important than the Government in London. The relations of Russians and Poles will be settled in the fighting and on the spot. Never again can Poland be built as a "buffer State" against Russia. But that does not absolve anyone who is interested in defeating the Axis, and in the future peace of Europe and the world, from the obligation to do his best now during the war to end the present feud.

Already this national dispute is a factor of importance; it weakens resistance and divides the United Nations. When the German armies retreat on to Polish soil it may become one of the most important questions in the world. For the Polish peasant and worker, whose courage during these terrific years has become one of the legends of history, will be brought face to face with the peasants and workers who make up the Red Army. If there is no agreement then between Poles and Russians about frontiers, about economic collaboration, about the future of Germany, and about the other issues that have bedevilled relations in Eastern Europe, then the outlook will indeed be grim; if the meeting of the common people of the two countries in Poland is one of friendship we shall know that there is some chance of peace in Europe.

[*The above is the fifth of our series of articles on the resistance movement in Europe. Previous articles on Greece, Czechoslovakia, Norway and Yugoslavia appeared on Feb. 6th, 20th, March 13th and 27th.*]

MASSALIA

On January 13th, 1943, two months after the total occupation of France, there arrived in Marseilles a German general. He was the bearer of a message from the German High Command which informed the municipal authorities that the occupying power had decided, for "military reasons and in order to safeguard the security of the Wehrmacht," to evacuate forthwith the northern part of the old town bordering on the Old Port of its entire population and subsequently to dynamite and demolish it. The local authorities were told that their full co-operation in the execution of this task was expected.

The district thus condemned comprised some forty streets in which lived approximately 40,000 people. It is situated between the Quai du Maréchal Pétain (formerly and better known as the Quai du Port), the Quai de la Tourette, Rue Caisserie and Rue du Chevalier Roze. It is, or was, more or less identical with the antique Massalia, the oldest part of Marseilles and with its twenty-four centuries of history, one of the oldest settlements on the shores of the Western Mediterranean. It contained even on January 13th 1943, apart from its sentimental associations, a substantial number of ancient buildings which, as historical monuments, had been placed under the national trust.

The name of the German general who was the bearer of this message of destruction has not transpired. The local authorities, according to all evidence, courageously led by M. Barreau, the prefect, attempted some bargaining, and not without success. At any rate, nothing happened for a week.

Old families had lived in this poor district for many generations, modest people who, despite the unhealthy conditions and general dilapidation of this incredible maze of narrow little streets, alleys, passages, stairs and vaults, had in the past not brought themselves to leave the houses in which their ancestors had lived and died. They were small shopkeepers, owners of little bars, cafés and restaurants, fishermen, retired merchant seamen, minor officials of the harbour administration in whose midst lived, at most, about one thousand unsavoury individuals, "bad boys" and "public girls" who in the course of time had given the remaining 39,000 and their district a bad name. What was to become of them? It was obvious that the German general had no intention of worrying about them, and that the plans of his superiors was to regard them all as "criminals, Gaullists, Jews," to arrest the lot and to deport them.

The local authorities sought to gain time. They insisted that the actual police operations designed, according to the Germans, to purge the district of its sinister and "subversive" elements, and the evacuation proper, should be conducted separately. They hoped thus to secure humane treatment at least for the majority whose police record was clean. The Germans agreed. Under the personal supervision of Bousquet, the chief of the secretariat-general for police, a very large number of Gardes Mobiles and ordinary French police was accordingly concentrated in and around Marseilles, who, on the night of January 22nd, subjected the Old Port to a raid more thorough and vaster than anything these often searched streets had yet experienced. Nor did it limit itself to the prescribed district, but extended far beyond it.

The result came up to expectations. More than 6,000 people were arrested in that one night of whom only some 600 actually came from the Old Port. More than 1,000 bars and cafés were permanently closed. But as the raid was carried out exclusively by the French security organs and the Germans took no visible part, the 40,000 inhabitants suspected nothing further.

The awakening was rude. Before dawn on Sunday, January 24th, while the district was still asleep, Gardes Mobiles, police and members of Laval's "*Service d'Ordre légionnaire*" threw a heavily armed cordon round the entire area and effectively closed every conceivable exit from it. At 6 a.m. pandemonium broke loose. Bugle signals and police whistles sounded from all sides, while loudspeaker vans moved into the streets instructing the inhabitants to leave their houses within two hours without removing anything from them. This delay was later extended until 5 p.m. Everyone was to assemble along the Quai du Maréchal Pétain, on the waterfront. "It is expressly forbidden," the loudspeakers announced, "for anyone to re-enter the evacuated buildings. All persons disregarding this order will be immediately arrested and, in application of the state of siege, condemned to death. The 'Service d'Ordre' has received strict orders to make use of its fire-arms against anyone not responding to its instructions."

The 40,000, stunned into speechlessness, obeyed. Apart from a few minor incidents, there is no evidence of any attempts at resistance. By 5 p.m. the 40,000 had collected along the quai. Massalia stood deserted. "The police have acted with lightning speed and swiftness, which prevented the population from taking the necessary measures." Thus states, with obvious satisfaction, the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* of January 28th. Despite this neither the German nor the French authorities seem to have been quite clear about what to do next. The original plan, thoroughly impracticable owing to the distance and the transport difficulties, seems to have been to deport the entire population to the two notorious concentration camps at La Courtine and Compiègne. This idea was, at the last moment, abandoned in favour of the camp a Fréjus, about 60 miles from Marseilles. Thi camp was established during the last war as a rest camp for Sengalese troops from the Western Front. It had not been used for some years, one reason being the difficulty of supplying water. It had, at most, accommodation for about 8,000. There the 40,000 were to go.

Not all of them, though. There were a number of old, sick and invalid people among the evicted as well as pregnant women for whom travelling to Fréjus was out of the question. No one seems to have thought of them, nothing was organised for their care. On the spur of the moment "medical commissions" were improvised on the spot which examined those persons whose state of health did not permit their being moved, and who subsequently were admitted to the municipal hospitals. These "examinations" naturally took place in the open, at the general assembly point on the quai, at a time when Marseilles experienced a bitterly cold spell. Even so, many of those who should have been left behind, were nevertheless taken to Fréjus. "The sudden transport to a concentration camp," reports the Swiss *Tribune de Genève*, "was often fatal. The majority of the children had no food, and the invalids were left without care."

The remainder, before departing, had to pass through a "triage," a kind of improvised tribunal set up by a Franco-German commission in the main Marseilles railway station. This tribunal seems to have given the indefatigable M. Barreau a chance to intervene once more. He prevailed upon the Germans that all those whose papers were in order and who could prove that they had relatives or friends in other parts of the town prepared to give them hospitality, would, after all, be allowed to remain. In this way he appears to have been able to save another 6,000 people. How many were in the end taken to the camp at Fréjus remains uncertain. Robert Vaucher, the Vichy correspondent of the *Gazette de Lausanne*, who sent his paper a series of special despatches from Marseilles, obtained the figure of 14,000. Other (French) sources, however, are less optimistic and speak of "plusieurs dizaines de milles." Thus 20,000 may be nearer the truth.

So far neither press nor radio had been permitted to give even the slightest hint at what was happening in Marseilles. On January 26th, at last, two days after the conclusion of the "operations," the Marseilles prefecture was allowed to issue its apologetic statement. It explained that the deported, "after a short stay at a near-by centre where the authorities are endeavouring to assure the best possible conditions, will be found permanent quarters in the Département des Bouches-du-Rhône." There is nothing to show that even an attempt was made to carry out this plan. On the contrary it seems that at Fréjus another severe scrutiny was taken of those detained, for the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of February th states that "more than 6,000 arrests were confirmed." Most of the young men who were fit to work seem to have been taken to Germany. Of the remainder those who were able to clear themselves of the accusation of being either Jews, Communists or Gaullists, were gradually released provided they could prove they had employment waiting for them—a proof difficult to furnish since the destruction of the Old Port had deprived most, if not all of them, of the basis of their existence.

The Germans had obviously intended to begin the demolition directly the evacuation was concluded. Rumours began to fly round immediately that the evicted might be permitted to return and remove their belongings. A statement issued by the municipal authorities on January 26th explained that unfortunately no such permission could be given. Three days later a new communiqué stated that the administration, being "anxious to protect the material interests of the evacuated so far as is compatible with the very short time-limit imposed upon them, have organised an official methodical salvage."

This "methodical salvage" seems to have been neither organised nor very methodical. According to some reports none of the inhabitants were allowed to re-enter their houses. But official salvage squads composed of employees of the public services, the Red Cross and volunteers of the Youth Organisations, who received special passes from the Germans, did the removing for them. During the week January 25th–31st they retrieved whatever they could and piled it all up along the length of the Quai du Maréchal Pétain where the owners were permitted to sort it out—provided they had been able to return to Marseilles and could identify their belongings. Other versions imply that the evicted inhabitants, or those among them who had been able to return in time, were themselves given passes and were merely assisted by the official squads. In either case very few of them had anywhere to store their property and had to leave it in charge of the authorities.

The "methodical salvage" was completed, according to Lyons Radio, on the evening of January 31st. The demolitions began the next day, February 1st, at 9 a.m. Robert Vaucher, who visited the district on the eve of its destruction, gives a sombre and sadly impressive picture of the deserted streets and houses. French and German police were jointly patrolling the area. German pioneers who had previously removed such valuable "raw materials" as lead pipes and plumbing installations, doors and windows, were busy throughout the night laying dynamite charges. "The detonations have ceased," he notes the following day. "The silence is complete. I meet no one on my way across the desolation except the cats, who seem determined to stay. In the growing darkness the whole scene assumes the hallucinating grandeur of a modern Pompeii." Massalia had ceased to exist.

It was apparently the intention to preserve at least some of the more notable buildings of historic or architectural value, such as the famous St. Lawrence's Church, the Maison Diamantée, the Maison de Cabre, the Franciscan building in the Rue de la Loge and others. But, states Vaucher, this proved an illusion. As the demolitions proceeded and explosion after explosion shook the ground, it became apparent that none of the buildings could stand the shocks. They all cracked and disintegrated.

Why the Nazis ordered this sudden destruction of old Marseilles is not altogether clear. It has been suggested that they intend to use the Old Port as a submarine base. Undoubtedly Marseilles is meant to play a major part in their plans for the defence of the Mediterranean coast against an allied invasion from North Africa. On the other hand, the Old Port district may have served as a refuge from the Gestapo for a good many French patriots. Marseilles has the highest record of attempts against the lives of German officers and soldiers of all French cities. In any case the reason is not that alleged by the Germans—to clear the city of an ugly stain in order to "build a new and clean district where once hung a false halo of apache romanticism." The municipal authorities of Marseilles have rightly and indignantly protested against the suggestion, made by Germany and Vichy, that the responsibility for the misery of the 40,000 is ultimately theirs.

PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

A LONDON DIARY

WE are officially informed that the Germans will not in any case go hungry this year or next winter. This seems to destroy Lord Selborne's favourite argument for not sending vitamins and milk to children in Belgium and other occupied countries. In the House of Lords Lord Selborne explained that sending food to occupied countries enabled Germany to take the equivalent for themselves. In the next breath he admitted that we had been able to send food to Greece because the Germans had there given guarantees including administration by neutral commissions. But a similar arrangement for Belgium is all that M. Pierlot, the Belgium Prime Minister has asked for. No one suggests the general feeding of occupied Europe or proposes that vitamins and milk should be distributed under any other than the controlled conditions employed in Greece. Even in Greece, Lord Selborne added, "I do not think that this effort has not been of some indirect assistance to the enemy. The alternative, however, was the most appalling starvation of thousands of our allies in Europe." Exactly, and we do not doubt that some indirect benefit may accrue to the Germans if some workers in Belgium can work rather better if their children do not eat so much of their parents' rations. But there and elsewhere, as in Greece, "the alternative is the appalling starvation of thousands of our allies," and the balance of advantage, considered purely from the point of view of the war and continued European resistance, is heavily on the side of permitting the children to have milk and vitamins. To refuse is the kind of short-sighted military folly that has earned Germans their peculiar reputation.

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The Marquess of Londonderry has the amiable quality of wanting to be liked. He never could understand why anyone should complain because at a Disarmament Conference he boasted of having been instrumental in preserving for us the use of the bombing aeroplane. He protested frequently that we were all rude about it, and in his new book, *Wings of Destiny* (Macmillan, 12*s.* 6*d.*) he once again renews his protests. He cannot see—and I believe that God has really not endowed him with the faculty of seeing—why anybody should see anything incongruous about a leading representative of a Disarmament Commission who believed that peace depended on British armaments and whose constant boast is that he realised the importance of building a big air force. He writes now:

> The function of Great Britain is to keep order in the world and, in addition to the moral influence which the British Empire exercises, to do so by the threat implied in its inherent strength. At that moment the British right arm was desperately weak, but there were some who wished to weaken that right arm even more.

That is an intelligible, nationalist view. Exactly the view which, held by each of the participating Powers, reduced the Disarmament Conference to a farce. The odd thing is that Lord Londonderry should protest while writing this that he really wanted disarmament. I found his book worth an hour's reading. There never was so perfect an example in English politics of a man who was naturally put into positions of high responsibility simply because he belonged to the right set, came from a great family, owned great property, was a pleasant enough fellow and, as he reminds us several times, was related to Winston Churchill and other members of our ancient aristocracy.

* * *

Doctors as a body are traditionally conservative, and it would be strange if more than a minority welcomed the Beveridge principle of a State medical service. Much, of course, depends on the interpretation. A doctor friend of mine puts the case against what he assumes to be the plan for "group clinics," at which the patient will be examined by the man who happens to be on duty. "Medicine," he says, "is an art at least as much as a science. The real healer works with the aid of psychology; he inspires the patient with confidence and makes him cure himself. He knows his history and his character, and how to handle him. Apart from the surgical cases and the maladies which need specialist treatment, the family doctor is qualified by his personal knowledge better than an unknown doctor. Any system which de-personalises medicine will reduce its efficiency and waste the skill of the doctors who use their human interest in their patients as an element in treatment." This view is certainly confirmed by the complaints of hospital out-patients who know what it is to be treated as "cases" rather than as persons. Another dread of the doctors is on quite a different plane. The custom of the medical profession, except in places where the population has increased, has been to buy a partnership. This is generally done over a term of years. He pays back a share of his earnings, perhaps for twenty years, till he becomes the senior partner, and then expects to realise this investment by selling the practice in his turn. Thousands of general practitioners have put nearly all their savings into their practices in this manner. They fear that if medicine is nationalised their practices will lose their financial value, and that they will, in effect, be disappropriated without compensation.

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The subjects chosen for discussion by Civil Defence and Fire Service groups make a sort of Gallup Poll of intelligent public opinion. Of 212 Civil Defence discussions this year the Beveridge Report wins at a canter with 43, education comes in at the head of the crowd with 18, housing with 16, European affairs with 9, war and peace with 15, the Jewish problem 6, Russia 8. If you take world affairs as a block, they come not so far behind Beveridge. Other choices are press, radio and propaganda 10, position of women 13, religion only 5. This reminds me of the complaint of a young and well-educated naval rating, that his lower-deck comrades seem totally indifferent to religion at a time when "serious thinkers like Cripps and Joad" are so precocupied with it. Forty years ago, he remarked, working people went to church, even though the orthodox creeds had already lost their magnetism for highbrows. One friend of mine says this is all "fashion"; there are normal cycles of popularity for everything, from girls' Christian names down to theories of God and the State. Personally I believe that religion in one form or another is always one of the main interests of mankind, and that if the lower deck and civil defence groups do not discuss it, that is mainly because they think it has something to do with the churches whose doctrines to-day interest only a minority, mainly of the older generation.

* * *

The post-war Debates in the House of Lords were full of interest; people like Cecil, Lord Lytton and Addison have plenty of experience and ability. There is one point which no one seems to have the courage to blurt out. All this talk of "security" resulting from the unilateral disarmament of Germany is a way of pandering to the popular illusions of the moment. Of course Germany will be disarmed after the war. But whether Germany rearms is not a problem that will arise then; it may again be a world problem ten or fifteen years later. After the last war Germany was effectively disarmed in spite of patriots who did what they could in secret. Germany was quite helpless against Britain and France and their Allies until after Hitler came to power; indeed, until Hitler occupied the Rhineland in 1936. It was Allied policy which allowed Germany to rearm, and the business desire to supply the German demand for armaments which made it possible. America and Britain rearmed Germany. Therefore, the problem is not at all whether we disarm Germany after the war, but whether we change our national system so that in ten years' time other governments do not again rearm Germany, and whether the Democracies build with Russia an international system which takes away the incentive or possibility of any great country again building up an aggressive force.

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The Ministry of Agriculture, having first encouraged the creation of sparrow clubs to destroy house sparrows, has been warned by notes and letters in this journal and the *Times* that this is inviting massacre of all small birds. On Monday the Ministry appealed to schoolchildren, through their teachers, not to harm nest eggs of small birds which destroy insects. Even the destruction of the harmful house sparrow, says the Ministry, should be left to adults. We welcome this tardy second thought, but fear much harm has been already done. The children will be hard to stop; licensed destruction is heady wine. And the adults? How many misguided country people think that all birds except the robin and the wren, are bad for crops? Why not do better and use one of Britain's innumerable ornithologists to teach the nation by wireless what birds do to help the farmer? It ought to be easy to mobilise the almost universal pleasure which we feel in studying bird life. A pleasant instance of this was provided by a city friend of mine who spent a happy afternoon tracing a black redstart, which had mistaken the ruins of Holborn for the cliff scenery which it prefers, and built its nest in a crevice of blitzed masonry.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to A. H. Kirkby.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The old school tie is as democratic an institution as the colours of the M.C.C.—Marquis of Exeter reported in *News Chronicle*.

Potton (Bedfordshire) Services Canteen Committee have ordered that no women helpers are to appear at the canteen in slacks as this causes "embarrassment" to the men of the Services attending.—*Daily Mail*.

SMITHSON, new to this country. The Comedy Musical Gentleman Gorilla.—Advt. in *The Stage*.

I have had a very blessed day amongst about thirty W.A.A.F. girls as they were fitting their gas-masks, putting forth the claims of "God's Insurance Scheme" as set out in Matt. 6, 33, following it up by presenting them each with a copy of Matthew's Gospel. I have found this particular subject very effective, following, as it does, the "Beveridge Report," in which so many are interested.—*Ready* (Army Scripture Readers and Soldiers' and Airmen's Christian Association).

THE LABOUR PARTY AND THE COLONIES

THE Labour Party has just issued a detailed statement of colonial policy to be applied after the war to peoples of primitive culture, and, therefore, so far as the British Empire is concerned, mainly in Africa. After the last war the Party did the same thing and put forward an admirable policy, far in advance of colonial practice at the time. When the Party had some chance under the two MacDonald Governments of practising what it preached, it capitulated to vested interests and collapsed before Colonial Office inertia. Ten years ago a revised and improved version of the original policy was adopted at the Party annual conference. Now comes the third wave with an altogether bigger and better policy. In welcoming it we have deliberately recalled the past and its predecessors as a warning; Labour practice must conform to Labour preaching; it is fatal for a political party continually to see and approve the better policy while pursuing the worse.

The great merit in this new policy is that it attempts to see and solve the colonial problem as it exists in Africa as a whole, and that, while making perfectly clear the proposed principles of future government, it does not shirk the duty of giving in considerable detail the concrete measures necessary for carrying out the principles. There are two sides to the problem and therefore to the policy. In Africa these peoples of primitive culture are subjected both to our political and our economic domination; they are powerless politically and economically, poor, uneducated, ignorant, undernourished, ravaged by the most deadly of diseases. The political side of the problem is to pass from the present syste of imperialistic authoritarianism to democracy That means, in plain language, that we have t train the African to govern himself and give hi self-government. Hitherto we have done nothin of the kind; on the contrary, only too often th few Africans who have shown signs of becomin politically conscious and interested in self-government have been treated as seditious persons b the Administration and either imprisoned o deported. That is not the quickest way o educating primitive peoples in democracy. Th Party policy insists rightly upon the primary dut of the Administrations to take the quickest wa to educate the people in democracy and self-government, and the quickest way is deliberatel to train them to govern themselves in voluntar associations, in native councils, in organs of loc government, and, finally, as soon as possible, i the Legislative and Executive Councils of th central government.

But if the matter is left there, democrac remains merely a pious aspiration or a piou sham. There is the other side of the problem which is economic in the widest sense. The peoples, it is literally true, are unfit to gover themselves in the modern world; the reason i that they are primitive peoples, which means th they are ignorant, illiterate, undernourished, poo ravaged by disease. It is a complete delusion t believe that, while they remain in this conditio anything that a government does to train the in self-government can be successful. Their political incapacity is the direct result of the economic incapacity. But as soon as o examines the economic side of the problem o finds that it consists of a vicious circle, or rathe of a vicious series of vicious circles. The Afric is poor because he is diseased, and disease because he is poor; he is diseased because he i uneducated, and uneducated because he i diseased; he is undernourished because he is uneducated, and uneducated because he is undernourished; the Administrations cannot obta adequate revenue because the people are poo and they cannot deal with the poverty becau they have not sufficient revenue. The great me of the Labour Party's new policy is that it make an attempt to deal with this series of vicio circles realistically. It puts forward definite a detailed proposals for dealing with each segme of the circle—economic development, labou education, public health—but it treats them inextricably interconnected. This is most notab in the last section on revenue, expenditure, a public finance, which is the key to the proble and to the policy. It rightly insists that t vicious circle of African imperialism and Afric misery can only be broken "if the money a capital are provided necessary for a fundamen alteration in the factors which create it." Th capital will not be provided by private capitalis or by governments manipulated to secure prof from the exploitation of Africa. The Labo Party suggests methods of financing developme by an extension of the system established by t Colonial Development and Welfare Act, but points out that to deal with the proble adequately would require international actio Perhaps its most important proposal is that t British Government should put itself at the he of an international movement for developi African territories and promoting the well-bei of their inhabitants and should make an app for an International Fund which would provi the capital. "If," says the report, "public opini throughout the world were stirred, as it might b and were convinced of the good faith of Colon Governments and Administrations, considerab sums might be contributed to such a fund bo by governments, public institutions, like t Rockefeller Institute, and even private perso The allocation of capital for development wou be made by an international body administeri the Fund, either to individual Administrations f schemes confined to individual territories, or groups of Administrations where the scheme, in the case of disease, covered more than o territory."

BREATH OF LIFE

How often has the human race been warned to breathe properly! Ever since I was growing up I have been urged to perform a number of breathing exercises which would have enabled me to live as long as I should have lived if I had followed Mr. Gladstone's advice to chew every mouthful of food thirty-two times at the dinner-table. But, if one can draw any conclusions from the fact that a new breathing campaign breaks out every other year, one cannot help thinking that no ordinary human being will ever persist in breathing properly unless his inspirations and expirations are supervised daily by a sort of Gestapo. We have all been told again and again how to breathe, but, again and again, instead of breathing as we ought to breathe, we relax, give our ribs a rest and decide to enjoy ourselves. As a result, we remain the physical nobodies we were born, and no fit fellow-planetarians of the athletes of whom Pindar wrote.

Captain W. P. Knowles, M.C., D.Sc., it is said, "astonished" the Industrial Health Conference at Caxton Hall, Westminster, the other day by "announcing that the biggest threat to industrial health was caused by the fact that people did not know how to breathe properly." This truth would not, if human beings were teachable—as they are only in a very moderate degree—have needed reiteration at the Caxton Hall. It has been proclaimed from what are called the house-tops ever since I can remember. Man, however, being one of the laziest of the animals, will not go to the trouble of spending even three minutes every morning in ventilating the apex of his lungs. It is one of the easiest exercises in the world—much easier in middle age than touching the toes without bending the knees. But so strong is our preference of evil to good that we refuse to perform such exercises, even though Captain Knowles assures us that "one can do them in working hours, on the bus, or even in bed," and that "the major ills—heart trouble, rheumatism, and bronchial pneumonia—would be largely offset if people breathed properly." Captain Knowles's system, it is said, has been taken up by the Air Ministry. "It was tested at Aldershot," he declared, "where I was an outside structor, and the class doing my exercises beat e rest of the school by thirty per cent." But will even this persuade you and me to ventilate the ices of our lungs for three minutes for more than e next ten days? I doubt it. The last thing at human beings will learn to do is to keep on doing exercises.

Yet the rewards of deep breathing are worth having. If you want to live to be a hundred, and enjoy living to be a hundred, all you have to is to begin performing breathing exercises for e or ten minutes a day, if you are fit to take y exercise at all, even though you are eighty. Some years ago the seventy-one-year-old Rajah Aundh came to England to expound the gospel rejuvenation through rhythmical breathing. All you needed in the way of apparatus, he said, was a small piece of cloth and gym dress. After at you had only to follow a number of simple structions:

> Put your feet with toes at edge of cloth, ankle and knee bones together. Join hands resting on chest, fingers close and thumbs at an angle.
>
> Then stiffen your whole body, beginning with your feet. Push them into the floor. Pull stomach in and up. Do it so that you feel the middle of your spine move back and the base forward. Do not raise shoulders.
>
> Keep stiff, begin to breathe as you have never breathed before, in 7-time. Count 7 for each breath. Fill your lungs in 2, hold breath for 4, and empty them in 1.
>
> Breathe in through the nose as deeply and quietly as possible, and then out through the mouth with a loud sharp gust. Grunt a bit at the end to expel the last bit of bad air.

What could be simpler than that? Push your t into the floor, pull your stomach in and up, eathe as you have never breathed before, get l of your breath in a loud sharp gust, and grunt a bit at the end to expel the last bit of bad air." Then, when you have grunted, you are advised to "smile gently, and feel all the muscles of your face lifting." I have no doubt this would happen, not long after you had succeeded in pushing your feet into the floor.

Far stranger results than feeling the muscles of one's face lifting, however, are claimed for breathing exercises. Some years ago a French man of science, who had travelled in North Africa, told us how there were illuminata there who by a "preliminary process of deep and rapid breathing" were able to produce a state of anæsthesia in which it was possible even to have a tooth extracted without pain. In one tribe the magicians take deep-breathing exercises, their respirations increasing in rapidity and in depth till they finally arrive at a state "bordering on frenzy or a trance"; and at this stage they are able to "drive nails into their hands and even into their skulls without giving the slightest sign of discomfort." Who can deny that it is worth while learning to breathe properly? If we were not so indolent, any one of us might rival the achievements of those African magicians and, as we drove nails into our hands and skulls, become the life and soul of a children's party.

On the other hand, I have a suspicion that breathing, like everything else, ought to be done in moderation. I admit that men as a result of deep breathing may live to be a hundred and be able, with a bland smile, to drive nails into their skulls. But I have never heard of a deep-breather who wrote as good a book as *The Republic* or as good a play as *Hamlet*. Hyper-ventilation, or the concentration of too much oxygen in the blood through breathing too fast, may, we are told, cause dizziness, fainting fits, cramp, paralysis of the muscles, and unconsciousness. In some cases, again, an excess of deep-breathing may cause levitation, so that you rise up to the ceiling like a saint. Of one spiritualist medium to whom this happened it is reported that "on practically every occasion he has risen from the ground horizontally, sometimes to a height of five feet, but sometimes he makes a bad landing, and he has crashed several times." Breathe as the experts advise you to breathe, and you never know what will happen to you.

Not that all the authorities on breathing give the same advice. Like other doctors, they disagree. I used to be told to breathe into my chest but, when I went to Harley Street, I was advised: "Don't trouble about your chest. Breathe into your abdomen. That is the secret of the Japanese wrestlers." To be a Japanese wrestler was not one of my ambitions, but I breathed into my abdomen for two or three days, and I must say in fairness that I felt no worse than if I had breathed into my chest. Another advocate of abdominal breathing wrote a book at the time in which he said—I quote from memory: "Take a deep breath into the abdomen, stroking your solar plexus the while with a circular motion and repeating the Lord's Prayer. If you have any objection to the Lord's Prayer, a few verses from Omar Khayyám will do as well." The Guardsman's chest, once admired, had fallen into disrepute, and the abdominalists began to speak contemptuously of "pigeon-breasted athletes."

Then came another expert who seemed to believe that half the ills of our race could be prevented or cured if we all breathed "as if we were smelling a flower." This method of breathing, indeed, was taught in a number of schools before the war. We were told at the time:

> In country schools real flowers are used for the exercises, but London elementary school children have to pretend they have flowers in their hands.
>
> Marigolds, pinks and lilies of the valley are the flowers chosen. The children are taught to breathe in their scent in different ways, pretending that they like the last flower best.
>
> Thus they inhale the scent of the first two in short "sniffs," then exhale. But when smelling the lilies of the valley they breathe "in and out" rhythmically.

This charming make-believe, it was maintained, improved not only the health of the children, but their speech.

If breathing the right way produces all the good results claimed for it, it seems to me that there ought to be a Ministry of Breathing in the Cabinet. Lord Beaverbrook as head of such a Ministry might well inaugurate a national breathing campaign that would set every occupant of a seat in a bus puffing like a grampus. Prizes might be given for great breathing feats like that of the man who could hold his breath while shaving, peeling a potato and eating it, and drinking wine. The record time for holding the breath, which is American, is said to be 14 minutes 2 seconds. Equally useful are the feats of blowing. The thoroughly efficient blower, an authority tells us, should be able to make a piece of paper hung by a thread in a doorway move backwards and forwards at a distance of about eight feet. In fact, there are so many things that can be accomplished by the manipulation of the breath that, if you made them your object in life, you would have hardly any time left in which to live. The only thing you cannot do by means of breathing exercises is to commit suicide. "Many," we are told, "have tried in vain to commit suicide by holding their breath." Even with a few nails in your skull, if you go on breathing, either in or out, you will go on living almost for ever. I certainly feel inclined to intend to start Captain Knowles's apical breathing—as a beginning—on my next birthday.

Y. Y.

BERMUDA

(After Andrew Marvell)

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
The refugees' lost cause is tried—
The conference records its grief
That it can offer no relief.
Now from that hospitable coast
Where once (of which they rather boast)
Faith's martyrs in an earlier age
Escaped from persecution's rage,
Two nations, as they bar the gate
To victims of the Nazi's hate,
Recite, their action to explain,
This noble (but uncheerful) strain.

" The persecuted with one voice
At coming victory rejoice,
When the oppressors we'll expel,
And free the slaves (the Jews as well).
While sanctuary we begrudge,
The executioners we judge
And here repeat that monstrous crime
Earns retribution; but meantime
The problem is too mighty grown
For our democracies alone.
We do not solely hold the keys
To open doors to refugees.
In war we must decline to give
Admission to the fugitive,
Nor to this meeting can invite
The lesser neutral states who might.
United nations have done much
To save souls from the hangman's clutch
And at this session we explore
The reasons we can do no more.
And while a race, it is presumed,
Is to extermination doomed,
With victory we will not refuse
Asylum to surviving Jews.
Let none be by false hopes betrayed,
Or clamour for immediate aid,
But let us here our cause exalt
Till our song soars to Heaven's vault."

Where the Bermudas ride remote
This noble (but uncheerful) note,
Voice of inaction and delay,
Echoes beyond the Mexique Bay,
(From whence a more inviting strain
Welcomes Republicans from Spain),
And may (perhaps) be heard afar
In Poland's streaming abattoir,
Where (doubtless) those about to die,
Would (were it possible) reply,
Approving of the long-term plans
Of would-be good Samaritans.

SAGITTARIUS

CONGREVE AT THE PHOENIX

DURING the last war, in April 1917, Congreve's *Love for Love* was performed by the Stage Society and four years later the Phoenix Society also gave two performances of it. This play had been constantly acted during the eighteenth century and occasionally revived during the nineteenth, with decreasing success. As time went on it was more and more mercilessly cut. In the minutely erudite preface which Mr. Montague Summers wrote for the Phoenix Society performance and afterwards used in his Nonesuch Edition of Congreve, he quotes from *The Critic* (1779) the remark of Dangle that "the worst alteration is the nicety of the audience! Even Vanbrugh and Congreve are obliged to undergo a bungling reformation." This reformation reached its climax in the last nineteenth century performance when, in 1871, John Hollingshead, a manager whose name some still remember, produced a version at the Gaiety, in which the play was compressed into three acts and bowdlerised to the pitch of renaming Mrs. Frail Mrs. Thrale!

It is, of course, fatal and futile to remove the gay lubricity and improprieties from Congreve or any other restoration dramatist. To do so not only robs them of a large part of their wit, but destroys the very spirit of their comedies. The Stage Society and the Phoenix Society were under no temptation to do so; they were performing to special licence-free audiences. The management and producer at the Phoenix Theatre have, however, wisely taken advantage of our absurd censorship, which, having been introduced entirely for political reasons, permits anything to be said on the stage and written prior to the date of the Licensing Act, 1737. They have shortened a few passages in the dialogue, removed a dance and song or two (*Love for Love* is rather long), but they have omitted nothing because it was indelicate or shocking. The result is that the spirit of Congreve's comedy is preserved and the audience is exhilarated. The performance is the best performance of a restoration play I have seen. Evidently the public enjoyed it thoroughly.

Mr. Gielgud is an elegant and graceful Valentine. He revels in the scene in which he simulates madness and has an opportunity of parodying Hamlet's. I think he might have put just a little more fervour into his wooing of Angelica, and certainly I missed in her (charming as Miss Crutchley's looks and carriage were) the sparkling vivacity of the teaze. For instance, in the delicious passage, when Valentine has again complained of her tantalising ambiguity, I should have liked Mr. Gielgud to have exhibited a little more desperation, and Angelica to have made it greater by suggesting more clearly that she really had a mind to him while holding him off.

> Would anything but a madman complain of uncertainty? Uncertainty and expectation are the joys of life. Security is an insipid thing, and this overtaking and possessing of a wish discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better, for the pleasure of a masquerade is done when we come to show our faces: But I'll tell you two things before I leave you: I am not the fool you take me for; and you are mad and don't know it.
>
> *Valentine:* From a riddle you can expect nothing but a riddle. There's my instruction, and the moral of my lesson!

Even that short quotation will recall the greatest source of our pleasure in a Congreve comedy: the exquisite perfection of the diction, at once so voluble and so precise. The ear is delighted; the mind amused; the heart not touched at all. Every actor in turn has a chance of charming us with whatever command she or he may have of the refinements of elocution. Even the utterances of the downright "porpoise" Ben have a delicious ripple: "They say a witch will sail in a sieve," he shouts at the lawyer, "but I believe the devil would not venture aboard of your conscience. And that's for you." And when Valentine in his Hamletish madness lures Mrs. Frail in to the rap, his words almost soar into poetry:

> Hark'ee—I have a secret to tell you, Endymion and the moon shall meet us upon Mount Latmos and we'll be marry'd in the dead of night. But say not a word. Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lantern, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail and Argos's hundred eyes be shut, ha!

The other grand opportunity which a Congreve part offers is one of which it is difficult nowadays to take full advantage: the chance of excelling in *artificial* acting. By artificial acting I mean those gestures, movements and intonations which take the audience into the actor's confidence though remaining just natural enough to enable the spectator to imagine them appearing plausible to those on the stage. A less minutely realistic setting than that provided at the Phoenix Theatre, though that scenery is most pleasing to the eye, is a help to this kind of acting, and above all to the appreciation of it. The Restoration stage was, of course, more frankly a mere pretence. Among the minor parts Mr. Miles Malleson's Foresight gave me the most complete satisfaction. Miss Yvonne Arnaud was a charming Mrs. Frail and Mr. Trouncer's Sir Sampson had all the fussy domineering qualities the part demands. Mr. Leslie Banks's Tattle was excellent, but lacked, to my thinking, alertness at moments. The brief but telling scene between Scandal and Mrs. Foresight when she denies what passed between them the night before, was hardly given prominence enough by the producer. But the performance remains the best revival of Restoration comedy yet achieved.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

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TROOPSHIP IN THE TROPICS

FIVE thousand souls are here, and all are bounded
Too easily perhaps by the immediate purpose
Of wheel and compass, holding plotted courses
As steady as the ploughshare cleaving England.

The sun-deck for the children and the officers
Watching the mid-sea blue until the nurses
Pass with the soft excitement of a breeze;
Idle and brown they lie beneath the awning.

Deep in the foetid holds, and crowded bunks
The sweaty bodies struggle for their sleep.
The gamblers on the hatches; by the bulkhead
The accordionist and barber ply their trade.

And on hunched knees a few are scribbling letters
And others, sulking in a stray dejection
Curse the hot stench of excrement and feet
And chafe against the night's nostalgic fetters.

But everywhere in this sweltering Utopia
In corners where the shadows lie like water
In the bareheaded crowd's two minutes' silence,
In dog-eared photographs of wife and daughter
Are countless pools of crystalline reflection.

Time is no master here; this torrid blueness
Blazed in a fortnight from the English winter;
Distance is subject to their moods and wishes,
And they are free to contemplate the ocean
And watch the limpid flash of flying fishes,
Only the void of feeling must be filled.

And as this ship makes peace within herself
The men with tattooed arms and rugged features
Emerge, the simple donors of a wisdom.
Composed of scraps and crusts of all that happens
Every man listens to these unknown teachers.

Welsh songs rise softly in the darkness;
Thoughts sail like swans towards the English winter;
Time hardens. But the bitter Now grows gracious

ALUN LEWIS

THE MOVIES

"La Fin du Jour," at Studio One

La Fin du Jour was originally announced, I seem to remember, in the early days of the Blitz, but since then—with Duvivier trying his hand in Hollywood—it has been neglected. Why, I wonder? For, with *Pépé le Moko* and *Carnet du Bal*, it ranks among his best achievements; and that is to say it's very good indeed. A home for old actors; the successful but forgotten, the failures still hoping for a great occasion, the merely old sitting back; buffoonery and tragedy—not on the face of it a promising theme, this patch quilt of fading lives, if anyone but Duvivier had tackled it? On the stage it would have been altogether too stagey; but in the film stageyness is given a subtle flavour and provides the opportunity for some really fine acting by Michel Simon, Victor Francen, and Louis Jouvet. One of them is a nearly great artist who broods over his lack of popular success, another is a bragging and endearing nonentity; their rivalry is broken into by a Don Juan, with his worldly laurels still fresh, whose terrifying egotism has always found more opportunities for drama in life than in the theatre. Love letters, which he reads out in public, arrive every day, but they are old letters he has posted himself. He tries to make a girl of seventeen commit suicide for his sake, and when this drama is discovered and cut short, he goes mad. Such incidents (the death of the buffoon is another) need not the hush of the theatre, with every board painfully creaking, but the restless selection of the camera. The photography in *La Fin du Jour*, though unobtrusive, is excellent; close-ups and tracking shots make the most of the material, some wonderful old heads and the fascinating small activities of those who have been robbed of all except their eccentricity and patience. The sentimental touches are inherent in the theme and they appeal not merely to our sense of the picturesque but to the imagination. The old lady in the crowded drawing room after supper, singing in a clear small voice and discovered gradually as the camera threads its way towards her, is one example. Another is the journey down a corridor at night where behind separate doors the inmates—except one chewing over failures—dream of applause; the empty corridor and a rustle of handclaps provide a moment of pure discovery. Such moments are common in *La Fin du Jour* and Michel Simon's performance, as rich and faultless as any the screen has produced, teems with them. Great acting is rare in films, but here it is in a film which, if not a masterpiece, is continuously delightful.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

FOREIGN SERVICE

SIR,—Mr. Brailsford's article on our Foreign Office and the suggested improvements therein, has reminded me of an uninvited, but neither uninstructive nor unamusing visit I had occasion to make in our Berlin Embassy not many years ago. It was at that date when Dimitroff's non-complicity in the Reichstag fire had been established by the German courts, and when the British press, including even the *Morning Post*, was loud in protest against the prolonged detention of the brave Bulgarian.

Learning that Dimitroff's mother—old, ill and knowing not a word of German—was in Berlin so that she might visit her son while doing all she could towards his release, some of us went from England, one at a time, to show her such practical sympathy as might be possible. I was the last or the last but one of those who went. In London I had been advised (*a*) that my movements would be closely watched by the Germans, (*b*) that it would be good if I could be seen calling at the British Embassy which none of my precursors had penetrated.

(*a*) I don't think the Germans bothered to watch me, though on one occasion I had the doubtful pleasure of watching Hitler; (*b*) it is a tradition in my family that no place cannot be got into by any of us. Hence I obtained an interview in the British Embassy.

That same morning, having been at both the Russian and the Bulgarian Foreign Offices, I had learned to my joy that the Bulgarians were releasing Dimitroff from Bulgarian nationality, that the Russians were granting him Russian citizenship, and that there was more than a prospect that the Germans would seize on this opportunity to climb down without loss of face from an embarrassing position.

At the British Embassy—in contrast with those others where I was equally unknown—I was eyed as an intruder and as a bore, especially when I told the important official, who received me, what my mission was. "Don't you think," I asked him, "that something might be done by arranging for Dimitroff's nationality to be changed from Bulgarian to Russian? Everybody is agreed that he was innocent of the Reichstag fire, yet he's still in prison after two years."

The British representative regarded me with a faint smile of amused commiseration which it would be churlish to describe as ungentlemanly. "My dear lady," he said, "no doubt it is very kind of you and the others to have come from England, but for one thing, Dimitroff, and all the others with him, are damned rascals for whom prison is the best place; for another, what you suggest is quite impossible. I'm sorry. Good morning."

I easily refrained from telling my gentleman that I had already seen the signed documents of transfer. Nor did I trouble later to inform him of the German acceptance and discharge, which followed almost immediately. He could find out about these from the London newspapers (though the *Times* at that date still maintained a dignified refusal to have any contact with Russian Embassies and depended on what it could get from the correspondents of less eminent publications). What I found more difficult to resist was the impulse to drop our Second Secretary a postcard bearing the words "Sucks to You," which, I take it, are not below the comprehension of any public schoolboy.

CATHERINE CARSWELL

FEDERAL AUTHORITY

SIR,—As Mr. Brailsford has pointed out, there would certainly seem to be more mystery and peril than splendour about Mr. Churchill's proposed Council of Europe. As outlined, this would seem to go even farther back than the League, for all that he demands a League with teeth this time.

If an organisation consisting of Great Powers and confederations of smaller Powers (created presumably to approximate these more closely in size and strength to the Great Powers) is not a new attempt to create a balance of power in Europe, what is it? The Council of Europe, consisting of these nicely balanced entities, is to be backed by an international force. Who would control the force? To whom would it owe its allegiance? The new Council would still be a League depending for its functioning on a gentleman's agreement and the goodwill of the governments of its constituent states, and if the governments prove to be more bandits than gentlemen, so much the worse for the peace of Europe.

Further, what positive urge is to keep the governments of Europe together once the necessity for beating Hitler is removed? Mere desire for peace in the future will not, once the immediate experience of the war has grown dim. If full employment is to be planned and social security achieved for ourselves, we must make an effort to achieve similar amenities for others. Even Big Business has stated that "the problem of employment cannot be solved within the boundaries of any single state." May it not be that a joint War on Want in Europe might prove the new cement for keeping the European peoples together, since international planning can be put into operation effectively only by a supra-national political authority controlling international investment, allotment of raw material supplies, transport, and migration of labour, and able to undertake the development of European public utilities for the purpose of raising the living standard of the poorer European peoples and creating markets and employment for all?

This very supra-national, or federal authority, called into being to create and safeguard social security, elected by all the peoples of Europe and responsible to them, is what is needed to achieve international security, since it would have executive power and control all the armed forces of Europe, who would owe direct allegiance to it. Nothing in Mr. Churchill's speech was more dangerous than the suggestion of national forces co-existing with an international force. If nations have forces at their disposal, they will eventually use them. The only way to keep the peace in Europe is to see that the only force available in Europe is a European one.

Balance of power failed to prevent the last war. The League of Nations failed to prevent this one. The time has surely come when the people of this country should make up their minds whether they are prepared in the future to trust for peace to another League depending for its effective working on balance of power and the goodwill of, and ratification of its decisions by, national governments, or whether they would feel more secure with a federation, having executive authority in its own sphere and the necessary power to carry out its own decisions.

F. L. JOSEPHY

DEMOCRACY AND BROADCASTING

SIR,—Some strange mycelium has been disturbed in the broadcasting world. What it was that the Minister of Information, one of the Governors, and now the News Controller—all protesting, I thought, a little too much—were defending, only a Royal Commission investigating the future position of State Broadcasting in a Democracy will be able to discover. In the recent Parliamentary debate (which was, by the way, faithfully reported on the wireless), a maiden speech deprecated any searching with a dark lantern for a totalitarian ghost at the B.B.C. The trouble is that no back-bencher was able to get a lantern into the underground tunnel running, shall we say, from a deep excavation in Whitehall to Bloomsbury and Broadcasting House.

To-day millions of families can receive their war news, religion, and education on post-war issues from a Government-controlled wireless. If Democracy is to be safeguarded, we must watch any tendency of those who now believe in permanent coalition or the single-party State, to aim at creating a mass-mentality among the wireless-minded public as their "national" constituency.

Sixteen years ago the Royal Charter vested the broadcasting monopoly with the Postmaster-General. The Minister of Information has obtained counsel's opinion to the effect that his control now covers the "war effort." This situation has no precedent. Quite clearly what is needed for the more permanent interests of the nation is a Royal Commission or a Speaker's Conference to determine future rights and practice in a democracy as against any tendency of a Government of the day to regard the control of political broadcasting as its own prerogative; to consider the possibilities after the war of competitive systems; the position of Governors—previously they had to resign their seats in Parliament. Now the Minister and Governors defend the Corporation in the House of Commons!

The experience of New Zealand in broadcasting parliamentary proceedings on a special wavelength could also be studied. A recommendation envisaging a status of impartiality and prestige similar to the Courts of Justice would be the microphone millenium!

As for the reply of the News Controller to my letter, I thought that the use of the obvious political horseshoe in the official glove was unworthy of one who does his best in the shadow of Bloomsbury. I would no more contend that a Governor instructs the News Room than I would suggest that any such source inspired him to reply to my letter. My colleagues and I who, incidentally, have a political responsibility, will continue to protest to whoever may be the right authority, whenever Parliament is reported as a Radio Reichstag.

EDGAR GRANVILLE
M.P., Eye.

VOTES FOR WOMEN'S SERVICES

SIR,—In a letter published in your issue of April 3, 1943, your correspondent, Sergeant Kay M. Wright, A.T.S., stated that members of the Women's Services

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absent from their homes are debarred from voting in Parliamentary elections. This is not so.

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Members of the A.T.S., Q.A.I.M.N.S., T.A.N.S., women employed with the R.A.M.C., and members of V.A.D.'s serving under the direction of the Army Council, who undertake full time duty for which they are paid by the Army Council, may claim to be put on the Absent Voters' List and to vote by post provided that their names were on the 1939 Register of Electors.

Members of these Services can obtain from their unit orderly rooms forms on which claims should be made to the Registration Officer of the appropriate constituency. Members on leave can obtain forms direct from the Registration Officer.

Claims are not made until an election is pending, but personnel expecting to go overseas may fill in forms and appoint a proxy to vote on their behalf before leaving this country. Proxies must be the wife, husband or parent of the voter, a brother or sister over twenty-one years of age, or a person registered as a voter in the same constituency.

This information appeared in an Army Council Instruction dated February 20th, 1943, and a summary of it was circulated to units for display on unit notice boards.

W. A. S. Turner, Brigadier
For Major-General, Director of
Public Relations.

War Office.

INDIA IN ARMY EDUCATION

Sir,—It would be matter for regret if the experience of five members of H.M. Forces should be accepted as a typical example of the treatment accorded to a grave political problem in the Army. I assume that the occasion described was under the Army Bureau of Current Affairs. These talks are always given by officers, many of whom, necessarily, have no direct knowledge of the subject but rely mainly upon the material provided in booklets issued weekly by A.B.C.A. The specimens I have seen have all been careful, and fair in tone.

During the past four months I have spoken some fifty times for Army Education, often on India. In the Eastern Midlands I took part, with two Indian speakers, in a dozen discussions. We had a wide variety of audiences, men and women. The officer presiding left everything to the speakers, without interference or even suggestion. We spoke with candour; the questions were asked freely and answered in like manner. The pattern of the meeting, as a rule, did not seem to me the best possible for the purpose; but as to the essential fact of plain statement and frank exchange of views, there could be no doubt whatever.

S. K. Ratcliffe

HUNGARIAN ARISTOCRAT

Sir,—The review of Countess Listowel's autobiography in your issue of April 5th rather puzzled me. As the author of *This I Have Seen* tells us, that "her most precious acquisition for which she will be ever grateful to the L.S.E. . . . is her respect for historical truth"; and that "she learnt that statements have to be based on facts" . . . I trust that she won't mind me supplying her with the correct ones.

(1) Even the most fanatic followers of her "idol" Count Tisza, would never have dared to suggest that at the end of the war, he had been on the point of gaining the sympathy and collaboration of the various nationalities. Whilst his behaviour towards the delegation of the South-Slavs in Serajevo, when he told them, slashing the table with his riding whip, that even if the Monarchy lost the war, it still would have the strength left to gobble them up for breakfast, belongs already to history. The legend that Tisza hesitated to sign the ultimatum in 1914 is the cliché propaganda of the reaction. The fact actually is that Tisza himself reinforced its contents, so as to have it rejected by the Serbs. There is also an error about the date of the murder. It did not happen on November 2nd as stated, but on October 31st, on the actual day of the revolution, when the government was not yet installed. This is an important point, for it implies that the Democratic, pro-ally Government was responsible for the murder.

(2) In Hungary *no* land has been distributed free amongst the peasants. Not an acre did the landowners give away without full compensation. The result of this land reform was, that out of a population of 8,500,000 three millions had not enough land to live on. Only 8 per cent. of the cultivated land was distributed, whilst the distribution even in Rumania was 26 per cent.

(3) Insurance for agricultural workers was *not* compulsory. Their standard of living is one of the lowest in Europe, their housing conditions nearer to the animal than the human standard. Even the government admits that there are 3,000,000 beggars.

(4) One can hardly say that the peasants enjoyed full representation in Parliament, without secret ballot in villages and farms. The peasants had little chance to choose their candidates, who were appointed under official pressure.

One also feels somewhat doubtful as to the passage in which the Czechs tried to murder the two small daughters of Count Andrássy in Slovakia. Although their father saw the man who had actually fired the shot, Countess Listowel tells us, "Nothing could be done about criminal actions of this kind." A member of the minority had no chance in a law court. "This status of being outside the law . . . filled the hearts of the minority with despair." This and other tales, as, for instance, the Bolshevik commissar choking her mother's Dachshund in front of her eyes, seems not to disturb your reviewer. She finds the Countess "singularly convincing" and calls "authenticity" the rare quality of the work.

One would be curious to know how she detects a modification in the author's outlook. Her book certainly does not give evidence of any, apart from some hackneyed phrases about freedom.

On her own showing, she is a staunch supporter of the Horthy regime which she believes has laid the foundation of a "New Hungary"; praises and defends Dollfuss for his breaking down the Workers' Republic, and gives evidence how they had been preparing an "armed show-down with the bourgeoisie"; she is "horrified at the freedom granted to the Communists" in the Weimar Republic; makes the workers of France and the Blum government responsible for France's weakness and approves heartily of Munich and of Chamberlain, no wonder nicknamed the female Colonel Blimp by Knickerbocker in New York, to be christened a "Good European" by the New Statesman. This is rather a remarkable achievement.

The book did not surprise me. The attitude of the reviewer in the Statesman did. The moral support given to Countess Listowel is very disconcerting to those of the readers acquainted with Hungarian affairs; for the sympathy shown to the friends of our enemies is just that lack of principle, the consequence of which we are so painfully experiencing at the present.

Catherine Andrássey

[Miss White did not defend Lady Listowel's opinions; she reviewed her book and showed that its author held contradictory and confused opinions and had the candour to admit them.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

BRISTOL CENTRAL BY-ELECTION

In our issue of February 27th, 1943, we published an article on the Bristol Central By-Election by Mr. Lionel Fielden. Mr. F. H. Dunn, an Independent Candidate at this election, has called our attention to a passage in this article suggesting that he was standing "for business large or small and particularly for Dunn's business."

We very much regret the statement made by our contributor, and acknowledge Mr. Dunn was not running as a candidate at the election for purposes of his business, or from any other personal or improper motive. It has now come to our knowledge that Mr. Dunn's business suffered considerably through enemy action, and we desire to express to him our sincere regret for any pain the statement may have caused him.

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KEGAN PAUL

BOOKS IN GENERAL

In the Twenties there appeared three very good books on the subject of the construction of the novel. They were: Mr. Edwin Muir's *The Structure of the Novel*, Mr. E. M. Forster's *Aspects of the Novel*, and Mr. Percy Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction*.* It was advisable to read Mr. Forster last, with his almost jolly doctrine of "bounce"—"it does not matter how a novelist proceeds so long as he bounces you into acceptance of his people and their story"—for this left one with the relieving sensation that the novelists write the books and the critics invent the rules afterwards. Before him Mr. Muir had been both pragmatic and speculative, starting in a plain practical way with "the dramatic novel" and "the chronicle," and then trussing these elegant fowl with the string and skewers of space-time; while Mr. Percy Lubbock was a sectary of yet one more American cult, the gospel according to James. Mr. Lubbock's mind was the most exclusive and exacting of these three. It was also the most feelingly, intensely and melodiously expressed; and when I look back upon these books, I find that *The Craft of Fiction* is the one which made the deepest impression on my mind, so promisingly did it show me the rewards of becoming "the really addicted artist" of Henry James's preface who, at every pang of "the beautiful incentive" feels, as he says, "the difficulty most worth tackling can only be for him, in these conditions, the greatest the case permits of." The author of *The Ambassadors* has become the legendary Clausewitz of the strategy and tactics of novel writing, inviting us to the beauties of the battle. The military metaphor is inevitable when one is discussing Henry James or any of his entourage. How much he has in common with Stendhal whose spirit was entirely military. James also conceived human relations in terms of strategy. His people appear to be murmuring the chant of battle drill: Down, crawl, observe, sights—as they reconnoitre and engage on their perpetual, secretive withdrawals to previously prepared positions. How previously, how deviously prepared. An examination of the war-like metaphor in the novels and prefaces of Henry James might be very rewarding; but I must stick to Mr. Lubbock. He follows the great strategist, echoing his conclusions, but showing us what our gains and losses in the various types of battle will be. He himself decides for the method followed with such brilliant circumspection by *The Ambassadors*:

> That is how the story that is centred in somebody's consciousness passed through a fashioned and constituted mind—not poured straight into the book from the mind of the author, which is a far-away matter, vaguely divined, with no certain edge to it—takes its place as a story dramatically pictured, and as a story, therefore, of stronger stuff than a simple and undramatic report. Thus may be expressed the reason which underlies the novelist's reluctance to *tell* his story and his desire to interpose another presence between himself and the reader. It seems a good reason, good enough to be acted on by the masters of the craft. For though their reluctance has had a progressive history, though there are a few principles in the art of fiction that have appeared to emerge and to become established in the course of time, a reader of novels is left amazed by the chaos in which the art is still pursued—frankly let it be said. . . . No connected argument, no definition of terms, no formulation of claims, not so much as any ground really cleared and prepared for discussion. . . .

Sooner or later, Mr. Lubbock appears to say, the critic of the novel loses himself in that sensuous paradise of undefined terms which we call literary criticism; it is time we decided what the components of a novel are, what are its methods and where they lead. There is, first of all, *War and Peace* as Tolstoy wrote it; there is also *War and Peace* as it grows like some much smaller but perhaps sharper crystalline deposit in our minds as we read. A second reading will reveal a book which we hardly suspected at the first reading. If we are more acutely aware of its beauties we shall also be more aware of its faults; we shall, almost certainly, be more aware of the structure of the book. Now Mr. Lubbock would tend to suspect faults of structure where other critics would proceed to discuss the temperamental deficiency of the novelist. Mr. Lubbock would say—indeed he does say—that if we do not feel the weight and inevitability in Anna Karenina's tragedy, it is not because Tolstoy had not clearly balanced the moral components of her case in his own mind. The explanation is technical. The dramatic method of presenting the people of this book, so that they are acting as it were on a stage before the reader's eye, acting from the word go, allows no time to establish Anna in her married life. Mr. Lubbock contrasts Tolstoy's method here with the method used by Balzac in *Eugénie Grandet* where Balzac's power of dramatic general statement roots Eugénie firmly in her fate; in Anna herself we do not see the opposition of equal forces which is the primary condition of tragedy. And for the critic of method the moral seems to be this: Tolstoy's enormous gifts led him to take the easiest course. He excelled at the physical presentation of life, and he supposed, wrongly, that his even distribution of the drama, without varying its weight or proportion, without the intervention of those panoramic disquisitions which enable a novelist to show what has already accumulated in a character, would cover the field. Tolstoy begins, Mr. Lubbock says, "as though Anna's break with her past was the climax to which the story was to mount, whereas it is really the point from which the story sets out for its true climax in her final catastrophe." Those who have not read Mr. Lubbock might suppose that this kind of criticism would have the aridity of the ingenious; but let me give another example of the luminous fervour of his mind. He is contrasting Anna's case as a character with Levin's, showing how Levin has had time to appear fully fashioned in the novel and—incidentally, I would add, to make the weight of Tolstoy's favourite moral with all his force:

> With Anna it is very different; her story allows no such pause for a growing knowledge of the manner of woman she may be. She is at once to the front of the book; the situation out of which the whole novel develops is made by a particular crisis in her life. She meets and falls in love with Vronsky—that is the crisis from which the rest of her story proceeds; it is the beginning of the action, the subject of the earliest chapters. And the difficulty lies in this, that she must be represented upon such a critical height of emotion before there is time, by Tolstoy's method, to create the right effect for her and to make her impulse really intelligible. . . . She has appeared in a few charming scenes, a finished and graceful figure, but that is not enough. If she is soon to be seen at this pitch of exaltation, it is essential that her life should be fully shared by the onlooker; but as Tolstoy has told the story, Anna is in the midst of her crisis and has passed it before it is possible to know her life clearly from within. . . . Anna is made to act as a deeply stirred and agitated woman before she has the *value* for such emotions.

Tolstoy's even and spacious manner of writing with a deceptive equidistance from all his characters is a model dangerous to other writers. Attractive, because it seems to treat the problems of point of view and reflection as if they did not exist, it is lifeless in any other hands but his. But this, one sees, may be said of all methods of writing a novel. Thackeray's use of the first person singular is as peculiar to him as Sterne's or Italo Svevo's was to them, and we begin to wonder whether Mr. Lubbock's estimate of the consequences of using this point of view or the other, of dramatising here where it might have been better to generalise, and so on, leads us very far. Craftsmanship and temperament are close partners. The reminiscent egoism of Thackeray is exactly the kind of temper that would funk the big dramatic scene—which Thackeray did funk at the end of *Vanity Fair*, as Mr. Lubbock points out. We see Tolstoy riding in the full (and justified) confidence in our being most moved, as he himself is, by his incredible power to re-create normal life. Balzac's descriptions have often a more dramatic quality than his enacted scenes. The style, and power of these writers within their range, bounce us, so that formal imperfections and even errors of judgment such as we meet in an admittedly split novel like *War and Peace* do not seem to us of absolutely vital importance. It is really against all instinct that we should submit ourselves to the closed consciousness of Strether in *The Ambassadors*. One is charmed and flabbergasted by the minute and vehement attention which the other characters obediently give to the process of bringing this remarkable old egg slowly to the boil. We are constantly wondering what Mme de Vionnet looked like through some other mind. Why not, we heretically wonder, a Chad's eye view? But James, yes, even James, bounces us into believing that the life he describes is as important as his reluctance to "tell" it is supposed to suggest. We have enjoyed so many novels in spite of the method by which they were displayed. We rely, in the end, on talent, and talent seems to live by its instincts, its wits, and by a copious sense of its own power.

The part of Mr. Lubbock's book which I found most profitable was in his analysis of the consequences of writing in the first person. Here one can see the force of his axiom that the art of writing receives its great rewards from the choice of the right difficulty, and one might lay it down as a rule for novelists: when in doubt create a new technical dilemma. That will enormously stimulate the imagination. It will certainly oblige you to reconsider every one of your characters, and a character reconsidered is a character with so much more life. The trouble with the first person method is that it is, in most cases, so obviously easy that it is hardly a method at all. It suits the long, dramatic chronicle where the narrator is merely there to narrate—as David for the most part is in *David Copperfield*. It is unsuitable, as Mr. Lubbock points out, in a book like *Harry Richmond*, where the first person is not merely to see but to act and feel himself and to be the central subject. Yet even here the rule is not absolute. Italo Svevo's *Zeno* is a brilliant example of the use of a first person who is narrator and subject combined, a witty exploitation of the "I" which dawdles all over the book. The truth here is that Zeno has the power to write about himself as if he were at least two other people. But after we have said that, there is nothing in the modern novel to suggest that, given talent, any one method is more desirable than another. The man is the method. No doubt the whole effect would be juster and more profound if we heard the husband's point of view in *The Eternal Husband*, but after the caustic authority of Dostoevsky's voice, who will dare to make that suggestion? Turgenev weakens his characters by his frank intervention as an author of hearsay. Yes, but he has the clear eye of the idle huntsman, the amateur shot with his dog and his gun, and is that not a genuine role? Chehov's *My Life* would have been better in the third person. Agreed. But it is Chehov's gift to catch the breath of life as it flows through us, shaking us and passing away. His "I" is singularly responsive. We expect him to respond, not to slog. More serious than this business of approach is really the torturing question of what shall be spoken, what dramatised, what related, the where and when of the masses of composition, and there we are all with Mr. Lubbock. Not that we call for laws and principles. Mrs. Woolf, for example, seems to have ignored them; Mr. Muir's space-time accomplished some curious tricks; and dialogue, which Mr. Lubbock despises, may enable us to transmute even more of the law and prophets. But the novel does need someone to continue the task which Mr. Lubbock set himself and to show us the consequences of any given line of action. What is rare, of course, is to find a devotee of method so beautifully imbued with the love of what novelists are trying to do.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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* *The Structure of the Novel*. Hogarth Press. *The Craft of Fiction*. Cape. *Aspects of the Novel*. Arnold.

JOHN DONNE

Donne: A Spirit in Conflict. By EVELYN HARDY. *Constable.* 10s. 6d.

Three portraits bound our knowledge of Donne's development: the face of the Elizabethan adventurer, sensual, hardy, restive; the haggard, distinguished middle-aged man of the world with his ruff and his pointed beard; the strange ghastly features of the sepulchral statue for which the ascetic Dean of St. Paul's posed during his lifetime, its rim of up-brushed foxy whiskers, the whole mask oddly corrugated by the effort of pretending to be dead. Within these limits we have to chart an odyssey as remarkable as that of Arthur Rimbaud. More remarkable indeed. Rimbaud merely abandoned and forgot his genius, while Donne, living from one age into the next, and exchanging one character for its exact antithesis, would appear to have given his extraordinary talents a wholly new direction. At one end of the scale we have his *Songs and Sonnets*—dashed off, according to Jonson, "ere he was twenty-five years old," and the cynical, licentious *Paradoxes and Problemes*, witty excursions on such absorbing themes as "Why Hath the Common Opinion Afforded Women Soules?" and "Why Doth the Poxe so much Affect to Undermine the Nose"; at the other his magnificent and melancholy *Divine Poems*, of which the *Holy Sonnets* were written during the period of deep spiritual dejection that followed the death of the poet's wife in 1617, and the *Sermons* that gained him his reputation for incomparably moving eloquence.

At any time, so wide a range of effort, including so many different forms of literary experimentation, hammered out by the writer with intense, if sometimes awkward, energy, would seem surprising and impressive. But we cannot judge of Donne as we should judge of a modern poet; and it is worth remembering, in the first place, that the bravado of Donne's earlier work was coloured by the literary conventions of the age in which he lived, an age both Christian and pagan, puritanical and sensual; secondly, during the later age which he survived to ornament a mingling of the erotic and the devotional was not at all uncommon. Poets as dissimilar in other respects as Vaughan, Traherne, Crashaw and Herbert combined the love of the creature with an adoration of the Creator and (just as secular poets wrote of love in rapt devotional terms) borrowed the images of earthly passion to express their highest mystical experiences. Thus Rochester, with a few minor adjustments, found it possible to metamorphose a religious poem by Quarles into an invocation to his mistress; and, when a contemporary critic spoke of Donne's sermons as committing "holy rapes upon the Will," he did so without the smallest apprehension that his phrase might strike readers as incongruous or improper.

The most interesting point in Donne's development, then, is not the transformation of lover into mystic, or profligate young courtier into gloomy and haunted priest, but the continuity of his genius and the "riddling, intricated, perplexed, labyrinthical soul" he brought to all his changes. "He was an orthodox Christian (wrote Coleridge) only because he could have been an infidel *more* easily; and therefore willed to be a Christian." Donne, in fact clung to the arduous path whether it led him through the wildernesses of love or across the mountain-slopes of faith. Some element in his constitution demanded difficulty. Many of his images are derived from the idea of an endless search:

> Some that have deeper digg'd loves Myne than I
> Say where his centrique happinesse doth lie . . .

—of questions, perpetually renewed, that can receive no answer:

> I long to talke with some old lover's ghost
> Who dyed before the god of Love was borne . . .

and marks of interrogation recur with significant frequency throughout his poems. He was always eager, always inquisitive, almost always disappointed. Even faith, if he ever really achieved it, brought him no security; and his religious poems, notwithstanding their poetic splendour, have a harsh and querulous, indeed a somewhat bullying, tone.

Yet from the perplexity and the obscurity, out of the mass of antiquated scholastic learning with which he heaped his mind, sprang images so condensed in their effect and so startling in their vividness that (excepting always Shakespeare) it would be difficult to find a parallel in the work of any other English poet. Donne is full of dazzling single lines and brief concentrated outbursts that, once read, refuse to quit the memory. Nor are these fortuitous and isolated successes, such as we find scattered here and there in the products of many lesser-known sixteenth and early seventeenth-century writers. Donne's quality is unforgettable and unmistakable, whether revealed in his love poems, his devotional verses, in the *Elegies*, in the *Satyres*, or in that fascinating, unfinished epic, *The Progresse of the Soule*, which traces the peregrinations of the vital spark from the apple that Eve plucked through a long fantastic succession of plants and beasts. One may argue with Mr. T. S. Eliot that no good poet is ever really "personal"; but it is obvious that on some works of literature the imprint of an individual personality is very strongly marked; and just as in Milton we seem to distinguish the contrasted strains of gentleness and harshness, sensuousness and severity, that struggled in his nature, so Donne's style contains the evidence of a singular personal conflict, which gave to the odd rhythms he adopted a peculiar emphasis and urgency. "To read Dryden, Pope, etc. (remarked Coleridge), you need only count syllables; but to read Donne you must measure *Time*, and discover the *Time* of each word by the sense of Passion."

Boldly, but, I am afraid it must be admitted, most unwisely, Donne's latest biographer has attempted a close analysis of her subject's evolution. Alas, the documentary material that has come down to us is not sufficiently abundant to make such an analysis either interesting or convincing; while the main thesis she has chosen to support is the purest hugaboo. Most artists are "spirits in conflict"; the conflict from which Donne suffered was evidently fierce and prolonged; but we have no reason to assume that it was originally caused by resentment at his mother's second marriage. There is not a shred of evidence to suggest that he was at the time angry or disgusted—Mrs. Donne merely followed the usual practice of Elizabethan widows with property to safeguard—or that, like Baudelaire, he bore his mother a lasting grudge and thus acquired a feeling of bitterness towards the whole of the opposite sex. The passages that advance this theory are trifling and feebly argued. Miss Hardy's book, however, is recommended by a real love of her subject and by her interest in, and devotion to, the background of the period.

PETER QUENNELL

HITLER IN PYJAMAS

This is the Enemy. By FREDERICK OECHSNER and others. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

The gratitude which we owe to American reporters for recording their observations and impressions in Germany during the years 1933 to 1942 is immense. After the war someone ought to write a book in praise of the courage and perseverance of these men—William Shirer, Howard Smith, Wallace Duel and others, who, for many anti-Nazis represented a kind of High Court of Justice in Germany. As long as you knew one of these Americans you felt not quite so lost in the Nazi jungle. Your corpse or your ashes might at least leave a trace of you which one of your American reporter friends would follow up. Their ingenuity was astounding. They never failed you.

When, after Pearl Harbour, Frederick Oechsner and the United Press Staff were interned in Bad Nauheim, they sat down and together wrote *This is the Enemy*, a book of which Oechsner can very rightly claim that it is not "just another book about Germany." It is a result of patient, silent team work of five men who put on record what Nazi censorship had prevented them from saying for many years. Not all sections of the book are of equal quality. Some cover ground which has already been sufficiently analysed either in Shirer's *Berlin Diary* or in Howard Smith's *Last Train from Berlin*. Yet such occasional overlapping is perhaps unavoidable, and the accounts, for instance, of Goebbels's propaganda machinery or the exposure of Hitler's *Auslandorganisation* are unsurpassed.

Mr. Oechsner's own contribution is undoubtedly the most brilliant part of the book. Our quick-writing psycho-analysts and sociologists, some of whom have already finally explained Hitler and Hitlerism, will have to revise their books, because Oechsner is able to offer fascinating new material about *Der Führer* which no future historian can lightly dismiss. For the first time, if I am not mistaken, Hitler's library has been examined. It contains some 16,000 volumes, of which about 7,000 form the section dealing with military problems. "The military books are divided according to countries. Those which were not available in German Hitler has had translated. Many of them, especially on Napoleon's campaigns, are extensively marginated in his own handwriting. . . . There are extensive works on uniforms, weapons, supply, mobilisation, the building up of armies in peacetime, morale and ballistics. In fact, there is probably not a single phase of military knowledge, ancient or modern, which is not dealt with in these 7,000 volumes, and quite obviously Hitler has read many of them from cover to cover." In short, Mr. Oechsner makes it more than plausible that Hitler has acquired considerable expertness in military affairs, though he has not been brought up in Potsdam or in Lichterfelde. Bearing in mind Mr. Oechsner's evidence and experience of Hitler's military knowledge, it seems more than doubtful whether we should not in future be very reluctant in ridiculing his "intuitive" generalship.

Another section of his library covers architecture, painting, the theatre and sculpture. The third section, apart from books on nutrition and diet, "includes works on astrology and spiritualism procured from all parts of the world and translated where necessary. There are also spiritualistic photographs and, securely locked away, the 200 photographs of the stellar constellations on important days in his life. These he has annotated in his own handwriting, and each has its own envelope." It is Wallenstein all over again. There are also some 400 books on the Church, particularly the Catholic Church. Finally, there is a section of 1,000 volumes of popular fiction, amongst which Edgar Wallace and Karl May—the German counterpart of G. A. Henty—are complete. Hitler's set of Karl May is "much thumbed and read, and usually one or two (volumes) may be found in the small bedside bookcase with its green curtain in Hitler's bedroom."

Of course, for obvious reasons, Mr. Oechsner is not able to produce the sources of his evidence on Hitler's intimate life, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Oechsner must have the best qualities of a master detective. The story of Eva Braun testifies to this. Unfortunately Hitler did not decide to marry Fraülein Braun, an assistant of his photographer Hoffmann and the daughter of a Bavarian *Studienrat*. Still, she introduced him to the use of pyjamas. The new vistas of Hitler's "historic mission" which presented themselves in 1938 may have prevented *Der Führer* from making blond *Fraülein* Braun a good German housewife.

There are many other more impersonal aspects of Hitler's career which gain new light in Mr. Oechsner's book, which certainly ranks among the most important field studies written so far on Hitlerite Germany.

GEORG TROELTSCH

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but reader are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

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MORE LIEVEN LETTERS

The Lieven-Palmerston Correspondence, 1828-1856. Translated and edited by Lord Sudley. *John Murray.* 18s.

"*Dieu, chère Princesse,* how interesting your letters are! How I envy our children the pleasure they will have one day in reading your memoirs." Count Nesselrode may have been merely making polite conversation to his most valuable diplomatic correspondent, but he spoke the truth. Whatever else Madame de Lieven may have been, she was never a bore, and she never tolerated bores. She chose her friends deliberately for their political or social importance, and whenever they lost that importance she dropped them flat. In the course of her long life there is no instance of her ever having shown the slightest kindness or consideration to any one fallen into disgrace. Her absorbing passion was politics, and the wheel of politics revolves at such a speed as to develop considerable centrifugal force. There is a heavy casualty list among politicians. But Madame de Lieven clung to the hub. Once indeed Palmerston spun the wheel too fast for her and she got flung off—from London to Petersburg. She lost two children that winter and nearly died of cold and illness, but within a year she had worked her way painfully back again to the centre. If she could not hold tight in London, she would try Paris; and at Paris she managed to stick to the end. The 1848 Revolution only shifted her as far as Brighton, and the Crimean War to Brussels; and on both occasions she clambered back to her *salon* in Paris within a few months. Death alone could loose that terrible grip.

It was the exercise of power that she found so irresistible—power to influence other people. Not that she was under any illusion that her influence did the least good to anyone, even herself. "My selfishness is beyond all bounds," she writes. "I really believe I should be well advised to give up my profession. It only tires me and leads nowhere." But what else could she do? Although she was as ready to use her body as her charm and intelligence to gain the power she craved over men's minds, she was never in love with mortal man. All her life she was in love with politics. Whereas Lady Cowper was in love with a politician—Lord Palmerston.

The crucial difference in character between the two women is emphatically shown in the long correspondence between them now for the first time published. The original MSS. of these letters, deposited in the British Museum, are written in French, but the present volume has been admirably translated and annotated by Lord Sudley, a great-great-grandson of Lady Cowper. As far as one can judge nothing of the available material has been omitted except for occasional words that have been undecipherable. But from the internal evidence many letters are missing—which is not surprising, considering that both halves of the correspondence have been lying perdu at the opposite ends of Europe for 80 years and have only been providentially united at the British Museum since 1939.

The friendship between Madame de Lieven and Lady Cowper was of long standing before 1828, the date when this correspondence opens. In 1822 Lady Cowper was known to be Madame de Lieven's confidante. Their political alliance dates from 1828, when Palmerston, Lady Cowper's lover, resigned from Wellington's government and joined forces with Madame de Lieven in opposition. "I recollect that we had our best times when you were in opposition," Mme. de Lieven recalls sorrowfully in later years. When Palmerston became Foreign Secretary friction developed at once. She persisted in thinking she could influence his foreign policy until he decided "both she and her Court wanted to be taken down a peg." The peg was the famous appointment of Stratford Canning as Ambassador to Russia, which led to the Lievens' recall to Petersburg, and incidentally to the Crimean War 20 years later. From a letter she writes to Lady Cowper we learn that Madame de Lieven made a desperate personal appeal to Palmerston himself to avert her fate. "Remember, my Lord, that you are about to destroy and overturn my whole existence." After her recall she liked to pretend she never knew the reason for it until Talleyrand enlightened her with the remark, "A Foreign Minister, however mediocre, can always get rid of an Ambassador." But that was a polite fiction to mask her humiliation. She knew well enough who her enemy was, and she waited for her *revanche*. She had to wait thirteen years—until her *liaison* with Guizot enabled her to inflict on Palmerston the first snub he had ever received in foreign politics, over the affair of the Spanish Marriages. But her triumph cost her Lady Palmerston's friendship. (Lady Cowper married Palmerston in 1839.) Her treachery was not forgiven; and after 1846 the correspondence between the two old friends peters out. In the circumstances it is astonishing that it lasted as long as it did.

As correspondents the two are well matched; both are politically minded, intelligent, observant leaders of fashion. But whereas Lady Cowper is the solider character with a greater experience of English society, Madame de Lieven has the sharper eye and the livelier pen. All the political events of the time find a running commentary in these pages—the emancipation of Greece, the revolution in Poland, the civil war in Portugal, the independence of Belgium, the Reform Bill, the Carlist war, the Eastern question. All the leading figures of the period cross the stage under a barrage of comment and criticism—George IV, Lady Conyngham, Wellington, Peel, Lord Grey, William IV, Lord Melbourne, Brougham, Louis Philippe, Queen Victoria, the Prince Consort. It is impossible in a short review even to begin quoting extracts, where the general level of interest is so high. Although the age which these letters cover is already richly documented, their importance for the social and political history of the epoch can hardly be over-rated. We can only echo Count Nesselrode. *Dieu, chère Princesse, que vos lettres sont intéressantes!*

RALPH PARTRIDGE

WANTED: A THESIS

The British Empire, 1815-1939. By PAUL KNAPLUND. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

This is a text-book, not an interpretation. Text book writers are like the people who report fashionable weddings for the local paper. They tell you everything you want to know, if all you want to know is what happened, who were the officiating clergy, what hymns were sung, who were the guests, what the bride wore and went away in and where the happy couple are spending the honeymoon. Weddings, after all, are social occasions and as such they have their interest for specialists and students of such phenomena—there is something to be said for working up and putting down what these people want, or have, to know. But a wedding, even nowadays, is something else as well—a farce or a tragedy, a *coup* or a fiasco, perhaps—anyway something itself unique and comparable with other bits of the stuff of which real life is made. If you knew a good deal about the bride and bridegroom and their families, you would come away from it in a different mood from that of the reporter, bustling off, pleased with his copy and his photographs—you could hardly help asking yourself a question or two and wondering what the upshot of it all would be. Text-book writers, however, are exempt from wonder; they simply must not

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ARNOLD
NINE GHOSTS
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ask themselves questions. Their business is with "the facts."

"In the 'Seventies," writes Professor Knaplund, "the European climate of opinion changed; generous thinking gave way to cynical materialism, and as the nineteenth century closed men were disregarding the religious, political and economic evangels of their fathers. Because of the growth of a system of alliances and the launching of a race in armaments, the idea of a community of interests among the nations of Europe lost vitality. In the hapless twentieth century matters grew worse," and so on. Ours not to reason why: it just happened like that. You can say that people began to hate each other because of armaments and alliances, or that armaments and alliances began because men began to hate each other—as long as you mention hatred, armaments and alliances you have covered the ground.

And yet the British Empire, looked at from the outside by an American professor who emigrated from Norway at the age of 21, might well be a curious spectacle, apt to move him to ask: "Why?" at intervals, just as a South-Sea islanders' war dance might shake even a wedding reporter out of his technique. Why should people, obviously human behave like that?

There must be some reason why, in between 1815 and 1939, things went the way they did. One explanation would be that the British are good men and foreigners bad men; as long as the British were the only rich men they were able to act on their generous thoughts. But unfortunately foreigners began to get rich, too, so the British could no longer behave generously, however much they wanted to. This is a good patriotic reason, well adapted to a condition of international anarchy; it gives you a convenient scapegoat and is good for morale in wartime. Another would be that the English were good till they got very rich. Then their rich men joined in with all the other really rich men to ruin each other and everyone else, this being what rich men, left to themselves, always do. This is a good revolutionary reason: it gives you a simple way to put things right: get rid of rich men and make a fresh start. Or again, you could call in a medical psychologist, someone who had made a study of bodies and minds in interaction, and see what he said. He would make short work of your distinction between good men and bad men, poor men and rich men; health and disease would be his criteria. Or again, you might get some prophet or other, an artist or a poet or a seer, who would talk about ideas and self-expression and responsiveness and tell you that empires and kingdoms wax and wane according to the amount of thinking they have behind them; and that what makes life worth living is not just health but a good reason for losing it. An Empire without an idea, he would say, is already dead: it is only a question of who is to clear away the rubbish.

The British, it might be said, have this to their credit—or rather, owe this to their history: they have a rudimentary sense of human dignity. It often takes the most repulsive forms; islands breed Pharisees and aristocracies philanthropists. One of the shortest cuts to feeling good is to feel how much good one is doing to other people—by improving their minds or their sanitation or their morals, not *with* them, but *for* them. Energetic people are always prone to make a virtue of activity, which quite often it is not. And it is very hard for dignified people to discover how to treat people, like the half- or quarter-educated, who are not dignified. Still, there is something to be said for a sense of human dignity: it does not make people good, not even if they are rich; it does not make them healthy, but it may help. Even if it takes the ingenuous form of toasting Habeas Corpus at a dinner-party, something can be built on it. For dignity, however, you need either order or elbow-room. Elbow-room has gone; the engineers and inventors, the scientists and explorers have abolished it. Like every other extension of the sphere of order in history this next one will take time and trouble to achieve. Like the last one, the nation-state, it will need its prophets and its martyrs, its technicians and its routine, its Joan of Arc, its Henry VIII, its unknown soldiers and obscure hacks. The architects who design it will make big demands on human nature. The one question for the student of the British Empire is whether that strange product of one stage of human development will help or hinder the achievements of the next phase, with its hope of bringing back dignity to human society. Professor Knaplund knows so much that he must know the answer.

KENNETH BELL

THE DISINHERITED

The Black Man's Burden. By JOHN BURGER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Britain and Her Dependencies. By LORD HAILEY. *Longmans.* 6d.

The White Man's Duty. By NANCY CUNARD AND GEORGE PADMORE. *W. H. Allen.* 9d.

The Colonies and Us. By RITA HINDEN. *Fabian Society.* 4d.

The Black Man's Burden is a study of the racial problem in South Africa. It is definitely a book to read, for it gets an astonishing amount of stuff into little space; but the reader should be warned to expect a point of view so strongly expressed that it tends to excite opposition. The author is a Marxian, and has two enemies, capitalism and racialism, to which he attributes all the evils of the native conditions in Africa. They certainly offer justification for his text. Examples range from land ownership—13 per cent. of the land is available for Bantu occupation, 87 per cent. for European use; but 69 per cent. of the total population, and 83 per cent. of the rural population is Bantu—the long list of Colour Bar laws and customs in industry, and the death of half the children in urban areas from malnutrition, down to the municipal arrangements by which the natives pay the same rates for scavenging as the Whites and are given an inferior service. The writer's bitterness is general, not particular; he is tolerant enough in his estimate of the old-time Afrikaans farmer, and praises the work of some native affairs officials and missionaries. But in his view the whole system of life and thought of the dominant race gives little hope of reform of the servitude which acts as the base of South African Society. The Afrikaans Churches, in their refusal to attend the World Sunday School Convention which was to have met at Durban in 1940, because it recognised no colour bar, put their opinion thus:

> The Church does not wish to withhold from any nation, white or coloured, as high a social status as it can achieve, and as high an economic position as it can attain, but it is convinced that God in His wisdom has ordained that there shall be different racial, linguistic and colour groups in the world and that the distinction between these cannot be erased without damage to the highest good of all.

Yet it moves: there is a small liberal group in South Africa, and much more important a slow African advance with its own leadership.

Writers on the colonial problem are divided between those who trust mainly for economic and social amelioration for advance and those who advocate political self-government. The "welfare" section is led by Lord Hailey, whose *Britain and Her Dependencies* is packed with suggestions for administrative reforms aimed at raising living standards. He does not disregard the need for political advance, but it is not his preoccupation; and nobody would disagree with what he desires for better hygiene, nutrition, education, nor with

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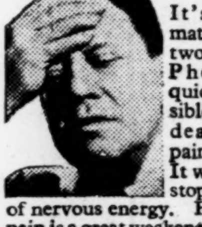

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his warning that the stability of the tropical export market must depend upon increased world consumption of raw materials. But he seems to accept as unalterable the dependence of the Colonies upon capital invested from outside, merely hinting that the Colonial Governments might tax foreign enterprises more heavily than hitherto. And he permits himself to use some unjustifiable arguments; it is for instance meaningless to state that Europeans only own 7 per cent. of Kenya, without showing the relative numbers of landed settlers and Africans, the percentage of good land in healthy climate alienated, and the degree of disturbance of native tribes. The psychology which Lord Hailey calls "estrangement" between the imperial minorities and the subject peoples is vividly illustrated by *The White Man's Duty*, by Nancy Cunard and George Padmore. Mr. Padmore voices the West Indian point of view. He regards political democracy as the immediate goal of advance, as indeed for his own region it must be. He is on less sure ground in believing that complete self-government by all colonial peoples would improve their lot; without British rule, for instance, the Malays would have gone completely under to Chinese and European mining and plantation entrepreneurs, and if Japan were cleared out, they would still do so. The British official is not an adequate safeguard against capitalist ravages of tropical society, but many of the native communities are not yet strong enough to stand alone. Dr. Rita Hinden's *The Colonies and Us* is an able and simply written plea for greater economic advance, especially by local industrialisation, and for equality of social and political opportunity. These thinkers are not much concerned with the military weakness of the colonial peoples, but it is the root cause of their subjection, and it will probably continue to enforce their association with some strong power or group of powers; though these need not be their present rulers.

FREDA WHITE

Week-end Competitions

No. 690

Set by G. W. Stonier

The usual prizes are offered for the best poem, of not more than 16 lines, mentioning snails, Easter, Mrs. Eddy, ingratitude, porridge, a lost glove and the Orinoco.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, May 3rd.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 687

Set by Roger Marvell

The centenary of Henry James's birth falls on April 15th. Competitors are asked to invent one sentence, of not more than 200 words, in which the novelist condenses a message to the England of 1943.

Report by Roger Marvell

"Everyone asks me what I 'think' of everything, and I make answer as I can—begging or dodging the question, putting them off with any nonsense . . . Even were it possible to meet in that stand-and-deliver way so silly a demand and on so big a subject, my 'thoughts' would still be almost altogether about something that concerns only myself."

Though none of the competitors stole the above from *The Jolly Corner*, they all knew their James well. Indeed, all the evidence I can collect, whether from librarians or booksellers or other friends, controverts Mr. Swinnerton's suggestion that he is read less now than ever. The fault of most of the entries is that they do not reflect properly the beauty and sensuous richness of the Jamesian imagery. Some also missed the so characteristic fondness for slang. Towanbucket ends, "Stick (if I may permit myself 'for once' the use of a current colloquialism) it!" Other good entries came from Ronald Mason, Leslie Johnson, J. W. Lambert and William Bliss. I recommend for a first prize of three guineas Cascabel, whom I congratulate upon a masterpiece, and second prize of a guinea to Ignotus. Roger Senhouse would have received a prize if he had not been too long.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTER.

Were it not that an assertion, at best tentative, must, when such a powerful unselective artist as time has superimposed upon the portrait an accumulated patina so dense as to leave the central figure himself indubitably "browned," as it were, "off," come from lips which may now only ever so imperceptibly be discerned so as to leave by so much the more, therefore, the exhortation dimmed, it might have been possible to throw together some ingenious conversational bridge, to express in a great golden heartening shower of words the supremely satisfied sense of being, remote unregarded spectator though one felt oneself, on the same the right and however long delayed the winning side with those whom one had formerly, in a situation rather similar, with loving deliberation chosen as one's fellow-countrymen, but failing for the above-mentioned reason to touch off any original sympathetic spark, one is reduced to breathing what is, after all, when so much has *come* to them, quite an exquisitely quaint injunction, "Ah do, indeed, go to it."

(CASCABEL)

To you, England, whom I seem to see as it were gathered up together and standing on your central heights, on your Malvern hills or Wrekin or the great lumbar mass of the Peak, and looking off and away over a mere foreshore-plain—so small, so private is the folded pattern of your counties—round the many broad or hidden seas of the earth and the lands that lie stretching or curled up among them, in solicitous yet unfearing search for whatever may be prognosticated of tyranny in the order of marching, I send the thanks of a former *protégé* with the sympathies of a would-be companion and the wishes of a now supposedly impartial observer of causes who yet is winking in his eyeless socket, that your descents into action may be seen to be executed as nicely and as steadily as your gaze now sees, having been so lately, and not without some regrets on his part at any rate for its charmed sleep of so many years, rubbed forcibly free of the most enchanted dust that can have ever lain in the eyes of any portion whatsoever of the civilised world.

(IGNOTUS)

A MESSAGE TO A CRITIC IN 1943.

I confess myself, for my part, much more satisfied than not, but, quite putting aside any preternatural prejudice, I desire to express to the present-day critic of fiction my feelings—if you ask me if this remark is *à propos* of my present, my spiritual, my incontestably perennial state, I say—what in Heaven's name do I say?—with my intention to stick sufficiently to the question (the burning question, it has *not* since burnt out), it being so one thing to "live in the Past" with the whole spirit, the whole candour of confidence and the confidence of candour—and a totally different thing (didn't I once put it?) to find myself living in it with those preponderant right instincts, to convey my belief in the admirable, the inaudible, the so invisible exercise of creative power with which a new and arbitrary world is reared—a world insidiously inclusive of him (such is the *assoupissement* of his critical sense), complete in every particular, to compel his warmest and freest (I hate writing the superlative of free!) admiration, and to make *him* feel, in gratitude for this seeming accession of social and moral knowledge, as if he made but a poor return to the author in testifying, no matter how strangely, to the fact, the absolute fact, of my genius.

(ROGER SENHOUSE)

BRITISH TYRE & RUBBER

THE annual general meeting of British Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on April 20th, in London, SIR WALROND SINCLAIR, K.B.E. (the chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from the Chairman's statement which was circulated with the report and accounts:—

The net profit as shown in the accounts has this year been struck after providing for national defence contribution and excess profits tax. It was not possible to adopt this course previously, as the E.P.T. negotiations with the Revenue Authorities concerning your company and its subsidiaries had not reached a basis for final agreement. The figure of £204,115, therefore, has this in common with our pre-war accounts, that it is subject to income-tax only, which, in so far as profits are distributed, is passed on to shareholders.

The directors' report indicates how the net profit which, together with the amount brought forward from last year totals £278,326, has been dealt with. The amounts allocated to contingencies and general reserve are £25,000 respectively, as last year. The total distribution to Ordinary shareholders is likewise maintained at 11 per cent.

The provision for taxation—£95,000—in conjunction with the contingencies reserve, is sufficient to cover income-tax on all profits to the 30th September, 1942, at present rates, in addition to adjustments resulting from the Inland Revenue negotiations in respect of E.P.T. up to the 30th September, 1941. The E.P.T. for 1942 is provided for before striking the profit for the year. The amount carried forward—£72,438—is £1,773 less than that brought in. Despite the restriction of essential raw materials, your company's business has been well maintained.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted and the retiring directors and the auditors were re-elected.

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PHILOSOPHY

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Contents or April

I EDITORIAL
II THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WOLF STATE
The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, K.C.V.O., D.D., D.Litt., LL.D., F.B.A.
III CLEARNESS AND DISTINCTNESS IN DESCARTES
Alan Gewirth.
IV GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY
Maxwell Garnett, M.A., Sc.D.
V ETHICS AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS
Rev. Professor E. S. Waterhouse.
VI THE WORLD AFTER THE WAR
The Right Hon. Viscount Samuel, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.C.L.
VII A PROPOS DE KIERKEGAARD
Clement C. J. Webb, M.A., D.Litt., F.B.A.
VIII NEW BOOKS
IX INSTITUTE NOTES

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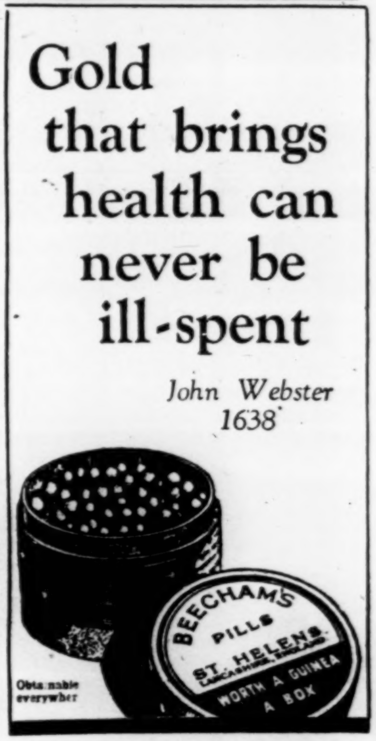If you are interested in writing, FICTION, JOURNALISM, POETRY, RADIO PLAYS, study at HALF-FEES by correspondence in spare time with the LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM—the only School under the direct patronage of the leading newspaper proprietors. Free advice and book "Writing for the Press," from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Mus. 4574.